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GARIBALDI AND THE HONOUR OF FRANCE.

THE news from Italy is still of the same kind. General Garibaldi has landed in Calabria, and a wave of enthusiasm and excitement precedes him in his march towards Naples. No doubt can any longer be felt as to the light in which his movement is regarded by the Ministry at Turin. It is war to the knife between Rattazzi and the Sicilian adventurer. La Marmora and Cialdini have been despatched in serious earnest to restore order, whilst the orderly genius of the former, and the disciplinarian rigour of the latter, are both a guarantee that the work entrusted to them will be done with zeal. During the week the French Emperor has broken silence in the columns of the *Moniteur*. The arbiter of the destinies of Italy has spoken, and the world is relieved from its suspense. The interests of Catholicism demanded that the French should occupy the natural capital of the Italians. The honour of France, it seems, now requires that they should remain. As it was with Syria and Cochin China, so it is with Mexico, so it will be with Rome. The spirit of the religion of the duello still moulds the foreign policy of the French nation. The patience or impatience of Italy is alike in vain. Thus saith the Logic of Facts—the daughter of necessity. Those who do not murmur do not want, and can afford to wait. Those who murmur sin against the dignity of France, and cannot be permitted to obtain.

The natural sympathy which England and liberal Europe might exhibit at the sight of the heroic though desperate enterprise of Garibaldi, is half quenched by the idea—carefully fomented by the enemies of Italy—that the Revolution has once more broken loose. That the Garibaldian movement is one which has hitherto been chiefly powerful among the more restless portion of the Italian people is self-evident. But it is a calumnious scandal to say that their desire to obtain Rome conceals a covert inclination for anarchy, agitation, and unrest. The feverish turbulence of the Mazzinian faction should not be allowed to bring discredit on a cause which, though doomed, it would seem, to be unsuccessful,—is still noble and worthy in the highest degree. As long as the French occupy Rome, democratic Italy has an excuse for harbouring incendiary designs. It is the fault of France if the temper of restless republicanism is tried beyond all bounds. The Italians know that their own Government is powerless at home, and is withheld from consolidating the new kingdom by the *ipse dixit* of a foreign monarch. It is not possible to bring the north and south of the peninsula together into a compact unity until the keystone of the arch has been secured. Disorder and suspicion must still reign in the Neapolitan States; foreign intrigue must still decide the political balance of parties in Turin. If dissatisfaction at so deplorable a spectacle shows itself intemperately in Italy, the French press exclaims that the Red Spectre of Revolution is abroad. It may yet appear upon the European stage—though hitherto the alarm is ridiculous and unfounded,—but whose, in such a case, will be the crime? Those and those only will be to blame who have flung to

the care and championship of the Revolution a noble and inspiring cause. It is France that creates or prolongs in Italy the very excitement and indignation upon which she now seeks to pour discredit. France gives to the hands of Mazzini and his friends a weapon more powerful than any they could have forged for themselves. When the excitable patriotism of Italian enthusiasts takes fire at the indignities which they are made to suffer in the name of the interests of European order and Catholicism, France at least can have no right to cry that it is the Catilines of Italy alone who are marching upon Rome.

The announcement of the *Moniteur* is sedulously framed so as to be expressive of nothing, except resentment at the threats, the personalities, and the intentions of General Garibaldi. No light—not even a ray of light—is thrown upon the future. The proclamation of Napoleon will serve in this case either to cover an advance or a retreat. Though nothing can be known with certainty from the utterances of the oracle, underneath all the mystery and jangle of oracular language we have a glimpse given us of an unimpulsive, saturnine, unbending will. It was in the power of the Emperor, by a word, to have calmed the effervescing tumult. That word, with Machiavellian genius, he has deliberately abstained from uttering. The question remains,—How long is the peace of Europe to be at the mercy of an Imperial intriguer and diplomatist, who does not do us the honour of revealing his will, except at rare and unfrequent intervals? It is not a flattering position for ourselves. It cannot be without a blush that those who care for England's dignity survey the position in which England stands. How long is the French blood shed three years ago on the plains of Lombardy to give France the right of legislating for the future of the south of Europe? We are far from wishing to detract from what is due to the French nation for their sacrifices at that time. England pays the penalty for the vacillating foreign policy which, at a great continental crisis, kept her suspended between the antagonistic poles of honour and of prejudice. What Austria was in the Crimean war, England was in the Italian. Not having sown, we cannot hope at once to reap. But it is time that we should abandon the attitude of curious and timid spectators of Italian politics. In the course of nature Lord Palmerston's Ministerial career will soon end. It has been rewarded with the ephemeral applause of a contemporary public; but it has been, at best, in most instances, a policy of obstruction. It has delayed, not furthered, the solution of European problems. It leaves the East as rotten as it found it. It leaves the West as restless and as anxious as it helped to make it. Is the book to be closed and committed to posterity just as it is? Do the splendid promises which Whig Government after Whig Government have made to Italy come to nothing more? No sane man can doubt but that these autumnal weeks are the very crisis and turning-point in the history of Italian unity. What share is the English Ministry taking in the drama? Is Lord John Russell repeating his sublime epistolary performances of two years back, and inventing balderdash about English

interests in the Adriatic; or is he flinging all England's power and influence into the scale of Italian independence? Is the Prime Minister of England himself indifferent to a continental difficulty of such extreme importance? Are we playing a tame part, or are we playing a part worthy of a great people? We are continually reminded of that insatiable abstraction—the honour of France. The world has to make many a sacrifice at this thirsty idol's shrine. We no longer can forget—even if we wished it—that there is such a thing as the honour and the dignity of England. The honour and dignity of England no longer permits us to be silent as to the dangers and improprieties of the French occupation at Rome.

Those who defend upon other than interested grounds the Papal policy pursued by France, are in the habit of maintaining that Austria would descend upon the plains of Northern Italy the moment that Napoleon III. relinquished his hold on Rome. There are two conclusive answers to this suggestion. In the first place, Austria, in all probability, would do nothing of the kind. In the second place, it is equally the business of England, of France, and indeed of Europe, to prevent her doing so, should pious insanity lead her to favour the wish. England is not in the same position now that she occupied in 1859. In 1859 the treaties of Vienna were not yet broken and scattered to the winds. A pardonable love of peace hindered us from giving a hearty sympathy to the noblest cause for which war could be waged. But the same love of peace which, in 1859, enlisted so many sympathies on the side of Austria, in 1862 would turn us to the side of Italy. This time we should have fewer scruples. We have recognized the new kingdom. We have acquiesced in the disruption of old alliances. Henceforward it becomes England as much as it could become France to watch over the safety of the new nation which we have contributed in part to create. It must be hereafter our task, in common with the French people, to protect the integrity of the Italian kingdom. Let us confess—Englishmen though we are—that it is at least as worthy of our interest and support as the integrity of Turkey. It certainly is, as an element in the well-being, the peace, and the prosperity of Europe.

The rumours of Austrian intervention need, therefore, perplex no one. Austria is not going to interfere if she could. It is for us to say that she shall not if she would. The agitation that prevails along her frontier lines is due in all likelihood to another cause. The 40,000 fresh troops that have been added to the command of Benedek are destined less for the support of the Vatican than for the defence of Venice. Nor is the diplomatic instinct that leads Austria to arm unjustified. It is impossible to say whither the rash and adventurous spirit of General Garibaldi may lead him at the last. One thing is clear. No collision between his volunteers and the French garrison at Rome was ever possible. It is the business of the Piedmontese Government to make it utterly impossible. Very little, probably, of the mantle of Cavour has descended upon Rattazzi. Destitute of genius as he is, that Minister has, perhaps, sufficient sagacity to adopt the one course about which no Minister of ability could hesitate for an hour. The Piedmontese troops must stand between the French and the Revolution, and stay the plague. The French have drawn a cordon round the Holy See. It remains for the Italian armies to draw a cordon round the French. The spectacle will not be without its effect in the eyes of Europe. Italy is obliged to guard the Imperial eagles, in order that the Imperial eagles may guard Rome from Italy. The arrangement would seem to be capable of being, and it is for England to insist that it shall be, simplified. If the Italians can protect the Pope's guard, they can protect the Pope himself.

Viewed as a military stroke, the expedition of General Garibaldi is a desperate one. As a last political expedient it is not devoid of interest or hope of success. It would be disastrous if Garibaldi ever met the French garrison in arms; nor could the result of so unequal a contest be dubious. But it never can come to this, and the tumultuous manifestation of Italian wishes which he has headed may ultimately serve as an excuse to France to withdraw with "honour" from a difficult position, which she now occupies only for "honour's" sake. In yielding to the unanimous prayer of Italy, France will not be yielding to a threat. The supposition is a ludicrous one. Europe knows too well the imperious vanity of Napoleon to suppose it capable of being threatened out of Rome. But Europe has offered enough of hecatombs and blood-offerings to the vanity of France. It is France's turn to sacrifice a little fictitious vanity for the sake of the good opinion and friendship of England and of Italy.

TICKET-OF-LEAVE MEN AND GAROTTERS.

IN England we never quarrel with a bad system, however enormous, or however obvious, its badness may be, till some signal mischief results from it too flagrant to be overlooked, or till this mischief falls either upon some class too large, or some public men too important in influence and station, to permit of the indignation of either being ignored or silenced. Even then we seldom, in the first instance at least, go to the root of the evil, or lay our correcting hand upon the precise point in the system we assail to which the

mischief resented is to be traced. We are injured and angry; and we strike hard and sometimes effectually, but rarely with much discrimination.

Just at the present moment the public is wrathful and alarmed at the undeniable increase of crimes of violence, and more especially of highway robbery and garotting. Women have been outraged, men have been murdered, and all classes of her Majesty's subjects have been knocked down and rifled; but these proceedings might have gone on with only occasional explosions of disgust and panic, had not some ruffian in a moment of happy inspiration throttled a member of Parliament on his way home from the House of Commons after a late division. A little comparison of these acts of violence brought to light the fact—or rather republished it, for it had often been stated before—that a great proportion of these crimes were committed by "Ticket-of-leave Men,"—i.e., convicts who, on the plea of good behaviour while in prison, had been liberated on licence or parole before the full term of their sentence had expired. It transpired that many hundreds of these ruffians were now at large in England. Accordingly there was an immediate and very general outcry against the authorities, and against Sir Joshua Jebb as the head of the Convict Department, for their reckless and senseless proceedings in letting loose such numbers of unreclaimed and half-punished criminals in the heart of a wealthy, civilized, and populous community like ours. The outcry is just in the main, but it is shallow and indiscriminating. The behaviour of the Directors of Convict Prisons, and of the Home Secretary who is responsible for them, has been unquestionably most injudicious and incompetent; but the real source of the mischief—the gravity of which it is not easy to exaggerate—is deeper than the individual incapacity or blunders of either. What we mean is this.

Criminals guilty of heinous offences, and sentenced to various terms of penal servitude, may shorten their imprisonment to the extent of a fourth or a third by good conduct while in gaol. Thus a four years' convict may be liberated at the end of three, or a seven years' convict at the end of five or five and a half, and so on. When thus liberated on licence, the conditions of their liberation, *which are duly printed on the back of the licence*, are, that if they shall be guilty of any misconduct, or shall be known to be leading idle and immoral lives, they shall be re-apprehended, and be liable, without trial or conviction, to be committed to prison for the remainder of their original term. This is the English practice—the system which Sir Joshua Jebb, we believe, inaugurated, and has, we know, so deplorably mismanaged. The original idea was sound enough: it is absolutely necessary, if order and discipline are to be maintained in convict establishments without the most revolting severity, or if any prospect of reforming the criminal is to be entertained, that the element of *hope* should be admitted and encouraged,—that the prisoner should know that he can mitigate the hardships of his incarceration, and hasten its termination by repentance and good conduct. But the errors committed in carrying out this idea have been two—both so obvious, so enormous, and so often pointed out, that persistence in them is utterly unpardonable. In the first place, good conduct in prison, where from strictness of surveillance bad conduct was almost impossible, has been held to warrant the conclusion that the convict would conduct himself well when liberated, and good conduct has been interpreted to mean mere submission to prison regulations without turbulence or impotent recalcitration. No attempt has been made to test the convict's reformation or power of controlling himself or resisting temptation under certain conditions of *partial* liberation; he has been transferred from a state of total restraint to a state of unrestricted liberty, with no intermediate stage of preparation and trial. Now, every one at all conversant with the subject is perfectly aware that the most correct conduct in gaol is not the slightest indication of the probability of good conduct out of it; but that, on the contrary, the most hardened and incorrigible offenders—the most hopeless enemies of society, are often precisely those who are astute enough to become the special pets of the chaplain, the schoolmaster, and the governor. It is equally well known that to turn a convict out from the gaol into the world to earn his own living, with no intermediate stage of discipline, and often with no home or refuge to go to, is almost inevitably to cast him back upon old courses, old associates, and old temptations. The second error is this: the conditions of the licence have, we believe we may venture to say, *almost never* been acted upon; the liberation has been virtually absolute; and only on the commission of an actual and detected crime, and on formal conviction before a magistrate, has the previous sentence of the ticket-of-leave man been brought up against him. In Ireland, as is well known, under Sir Walter Crofton's admirable management, both these grievous and fatal blunders have been avoided.

The public, therefore, is right in its instincts, and "does well to be angry" at the ticket-of-leave system as it is at present administered in England. But its anger is scarcely well-informed or well-directed, and only reaches a fragment and symptom of the mischief, and for this reason. A ticket-of-leave man is simply a convict who is liberated in 1862 instead of in 1863; he is a criminal who has undergone the

sentence of the law just as completely, in fact, as if he had remained in penal servitude for five years instead of four, or for six years instead of seven; that is, he has been imprisoned, not, indeed, as long as the judge originally ordered, but as long as the constituted authorities, *revising the sentence of the judge* by the light of the prisoner's subsequent behaviour (as the Act of Parliament warrants them in doing), ultimately decide. The man would be equally let loose upon society in any case; the only difference would be in the date,—a few months sooner or later. If, in consequence of the present alarm and indignation, the licensing system were to be swept away, and the convicts were compelled to undergo the full term of their sentence, the only gain to the public would be, that the garottings, and burglaries, and other outrages which are now committed this year, would then be committed the year after; or, to speak more correctly (since there are always a large number of ruffians discharged from prison every year), the atrocities of this year would be committed by a different batch of ruffians, *i.e.*, by the expirers of 1862 instead of by the ticket-of-leave men of 1861. This would really be the sole profit of the change;—nay, it would be even less than this; for, while no one will affirm that the convict who returns to his evil courses after five years' penal servitude would be weaned from them if he were detained for six years, every one is aware that if he were deprived of the hope of reducing his term of imprisonment by subordination and good behaviour while in confinement, he would be turned out even a more irreclaimable and exasperated villain than at present. We shall not gain one single step towards the object we have in view (the protection of society) by the abolition of the licensing system, which, decently and judiciously administered, might be both equitable and prudent. If we wish to do any good we must go much further: we must abolish both short and *definite* terms of confinement for the worse and more confirmed criminals; and we must provide some rational security against the necessity and the probability of the liberated convicts, on their liberation, relapsing into crime. In former days, as we all know, our practice was to send them to the antipodes, whence few of them ever returned; though, by the way, all who did return invariably returned to resume a life of hostility to society. Nine-tenths remained in the penal colonies; some recovered themselves in the new circumstances of a new world, and became honest, industrious, and thriving men; those who did not underwent punishment after punishment, but troubled the mother country no more. But this resource is at an end; one after another all our dependencies have refused to become the depositaries and cess-pools for our moral filth, with the single exception of Western Australia; and Western Australia can absorb but few. The old system of transportation was in many points so indefensible and brought about such frightful results, that it was deliberately abandoned, and, we may be quite sure, will never be resumed. We are driven to the hard necessity of consuming our own criminality at home; in some way or other, under some conditions, we must dispose of our convicts *here*; we must either hang them, or keep them in gaol permanently, or turn them out cured, or place them in honest occupations when liberated, and retain them in these occupations by perpetual supervision, or cut off the supply of them by juvenile reformatories, or adopt some plan which shall be a combination of all these, and by its cumulative contrivances shall produce in the aggregate the main result. The problem, once clearly stated, is by no means so difficult or hopeless as it seems. It has more than once been theoretically mastered, and very successful approaches have been made to its practical solution; but our Government, which can never grasp an idea, or get to the bottom of a great subject,—and our national temperament, which abhors and suspects philosophy and science in administrative matters,—and our insane humanitarian fanaticism, which is more tender to the one sinner, whether he repent or not, than to the ninety-and-nine honest citizens who suffer from his sin,—have always hitherto combined their several incapacities and follies to prevent society from being saved from the ruffianism which it is daily fostering and letting loose.

We must recur to the subject; for the true solution of the problem cannot be done justice to at the end of an article which only designs to state it with precision.

LORD PALMERSTON AT PLAY.

THE Parliamentary harvest-home has at last begun. Our legislative sheaves have been got in. The last of the gleaners has disappeared. Frolic and frivolity succeed the long labours of the reaping and the carrying; and the Prime Minister, as befits him, has led off the country dance before the admiring eyes of the townsfolk and countryfolk of Derbyshire. An unpardonable attempt was indeed made at the opening of the proceedings to get something serious out of the spirited and frisky Premier. A Mr. Adcock, chairman of the public meeting which was called to welcome Lord Palmerston to Melbourne, approached his lordship with an address full of the most solemn political reflections, and containing the wisest possible observations on things in general, from the American war

down to the Night Poaching Bill. This audacious attempt met with the fortune it deserved. His lordship was too old a bird to be caught on such an occasion with anything except chaff. He had not gone down to Melbourne to discuss either the United States or the Game Laws, and he refused even to peck at the valuable grain that Mr. Adcock and the indefatigable politicians of the Melbourne public meeting persisted in strewing before his eyes.

Not a word could be got out of him upon the important subjects with which the Hampdens and Cromwells of Melbourne had been puzzling their brains for days. On such occasions the noble lord has a remarkable facility for converting himself into the driest of all possible pumps. Mr. Adcock and the public meeting worked away in vain at the handle. Nothing ever came of their exertions. They would have had as much chance of persuading Lord Palmerston to open the festive proceedings with an extempore prayer, as of eliciting from him anything of importance in the long vacation. Work is over. The intolerable humdrum of question-asking and question-answering has ended with the session. His lordship evidently considered the respectable deputation from the public meeting in the light of solemn prigs who had come to torment him about books when school-hours were finished, and all but pedants were at play. For the present the Parliamentary muses, with the exception of Terpsichore, are banished from the realm. It will be time enough to have them back when the partridges are over, and when Christmas has come. Such is the opinion of the Prime Minister; though such was not the opinion of Mr. Adcock, who, perhaps, does not care about partridges. This is the sacred hour of social enjoyments, not of political discussion. The British harvest-home is holy ground. Hence with Reform Associations, Mr. Hatfield, and his midnight crew.

Hinc musæ procul ite feriatis
Jani vos revocabimus calendis.

With that knowledge of the British farmer, and the British farmer's opinions, upon which Lord Palmerston's ministerial policy is based, his lordship did not hesitate to touch on one portion of the Palmerstonian programme which possesses a double advantage. It is, in the first place, certain to be popular. In the second place, it can be brought forward on the most jocular and festive occasions. Anxious as the most noble Premier always is to escape from dry legislative details, he never forgets a subject upon which the rural mind is naturally susceptible in the extreme. On all occasions when he meets a popular audience he is careful to identify himself and his Cabinet with the question of the National Defences. It is not unnatural that he should do so. On this topic the advanced Liberals in Parliament do not represent the honest prejudices of the great mass of English constituencies. Mr. Stanfield may declaim against expenditure, and philosophical Radicals point to the true connection that subsists between financial extravagance and high taxation. The rural mind knows nothing of all this, and cares little for it in comparison with the pleasurable and patriotic sensation of cheering to the echo each allusion to the inspiring theme of Bugaboo. Partly owing to his just merits as a manly and patriotic minister, partly owing to the unreflecting enthusiasm of popular assemblies, the suggestion of a French invasion always produces an overwhelming effect. Lord Palmerston has managed adroitly to get himself enrolled among our other national defenders. The public orator at one of our universities lately assured a little world that as long as the Prime Minister was safe England was safe, but that nobody knew what might happen to the country if anything happened to Lord Palmerston. The sentiment was one which was thoroughly English, even in spite of its Latinity. His Lordship has taken rank in the same sort of category as the *Warrior* or the *Armstrong* gun.

It is not without design that the Prime Minister, even in his moments of hilarity, continually reminds the public of the part he plays with respect to our fleets and fortifications. Mr. Disraeli has shown his hand; and Mr. Cobden and the Manchester school are generally supposed to have been captivated by the engaging frankness of the Buckinghamshire comedian. Next session, in all probability, will begin a financial war. It will be waged with all ferocity; and Mr. Gladstone,—the financial Blondin, whose Budgets succeed in alarming and astonishing the country in exact proportion to their brilliancy,—animated by the prospect of opposition, may enter on a series of aerial exploits on his own tight-rope, more startling even than usual. A cry will again be raised in favour of economy. The bugbear of a deficit will again be brought up to terrify the wealthiest nation in Europe. At such a time Lord Palmerston's country tour will stand him in some stead. He will have made an effective tour in the provinces during the long vacation. Wherever he has gone he will have convinced the squires, the farmers, and even the merchants, of the necessity of trusting his Cabinet when the honour of England is in question. Nor can it be said that these are the feats of a political charlatan. There is no doubt a good deal of exaggeration in what is said about the dangers to which England is exposed. But the state of the Continent is certainly unsettled. While English foreign policy is what it is, we cannot be secure against a quarrel with the most powerful nation in Europe. Against a calamity so terrible, England ought to be

prepared. Lord Palmerston fulfils an important part in reminding us of our condition. The errors of a long life are pardoned and forgotten when we gaze upon a green and vigorous old age. Posterity will perhaps inquire whose fault it is that England lies isolated from the Continent; no friend to European reaction, and yet on the whole a reactionary power. But England, as it is constituted, has no time or inclination for such retrospective and philosophical study. We have accepted Lord Palmerston and his policy. The Prime Minister of England, like the Emperor of France, represents to the life all the prejudices and the virtues of his countrymen. It may be his fault that Great Britain needs defence; but few will deny that thanks are due to him for the alacrity and vigour with which he insists upon defending her.

With all his jocularly and *bonhomie*, Lord Palmerston, even while at play, does not forget his position. It is by such speeches as those at Melbourne that he strengthens it. A green old age and a consummate enjoyment of life, to the careless observer, seem to be the prominent characteristics of the first English statesman of the day. Behind it all is the figure of a consummate chess-player, who knows what he is about. Lord Palmerston is in earnest even while he is at play. With all his wit and epigrams, his compliments to the Church, and his delicate fun about the ladies, he never forgets the seriousness and the excitement of the race in which he is engaged. To a rising county member, even a dance with the daughters of his tenants is a political and serious operation,—Lord Palmerston's autumn tour, in like manner, is a ministerial campaign.

CONSCRIPTION OF FOREIGNERS IN AMERICA.

AMERICAN citizenship has for the moment lost its charms. The burdens which it entails are at present greater than the benefits which it confers. It is the fear of conscription, and not the weight of taxation, that has turned the scale. Thousands of persons are now eagerly disclaiming a title which not long ago they were most anxious to possess. Some of these are crowding the offices of British or German consuls for the purpose of establishing their claim to be considered aliens and foreigners in the land which they have deliberately chosen as their home. Others, fearing that they might fail in establishing their claim to be still considered British or German subjects, or dreading lest the plea might not avail them, are taking stronger measures to secure their safety, and flying by a hundred outlets to Canada, and even beyond seas. America offers many inducements to emigrants from the crowded countries of the Old World, but these are all now overbalanced by the dread of being compulsorily called out, and sent to fight in a quarrel in which they have no interest, with the chance of being left to perish from the effects of ague or bad food in a swamp near Richmond. It is not surprising that the Irish and Germans should endeavour to fly from so terrible a prospect; but it is natural, on the other hand, that the Federal Government should carefully guard all the outlets through which the fugitives are endeavouring to escape, with the view of at least putting them to the proof of their foreign nationality. When persons have permanently settled in a country, and enjoy the protection of its laws, it is for them to show, when called on to undertake the duties of citizens, that they possess another nationality and owe a different allegiance. It becomes, therefore, at present, important to inquire what classes of persons may, according to the principles of international law, be properly included in the conscription, though not natural-born subjects of the United States, and what classes have legitimate grounds for exemption.

There is one class of persons whose case admits of no doubt whatever. There are in America a considerable number of foreigners who are merely visitors or passengers, or who are resident there temporarily for the purposes of trade, and have the intention of returning to their own country when the temporary object of their sojourn is attained. All such persons are perfectly free from the liability to conscription. They owe obedience to the laws of America, while in her territory, but they are not subjects of that State, and cannot be called on to undertake any military duties. Any attempt to compel them to do so would be positive maltreatment, which would justify the State to which they belong in interfering for their protection, and even in declaring war in case of redress being refused.

There is also another class of persons with respect to whom no reasonable doubt can exist. These are the persons who have taken all the steps that are requisite for becoming naturalized subjects of the United States. Like other sovereign powers, the Federal Government has the right of conferring upon aliens resident within its territory all the privileges of natural-born subjects. The conditions required for obtaining naturalization in America are unusually severe. Besides a residence of five years, and a declaration of intention to become a citizen three years before admission, the foreigner who is seeking to obtain naturalization must not only take an oath of allegiance to the United States, but must also renounce all foreign allegiance, and particularly to the State of which he was formerly a subject. It is quite clear that persons who have thus become naturalized subjects of the United States are liable to the con-

scription in precisely the same way as natural-born citizens. This is a necessary consequence of the oath of allegiance; and, moreover, independently of any express promise, it would flow directly from the reasonable doctrine that, inasmuch as they possess all the privileges, they ought to be liable to all the duties of natural-born subjects. It is evident, then, that these persons have no just grounds for evading the conscription, since they have voluntarily taken upon themselves the position and duties of American citizens. A difficulty may, however, occur to some minds with respect to British subjects thus naturalized, from the peculiar nature of the doctrine that is held in this country with reference to allegiance. The allegiance, it is said, which a person owes to the State in which he was born constitutes a tie which is indissoluble. He cannot renounce it if he would. Once a British subject, always a British subject. It is a character which cannot be shaken off. England receives strangers into the full fellowship of her citizens, but she never gives up one of her own children; she does not allow the expatriation of any of her own subjects. America, which follows our common law, holds theoretically the same doctrine, but her practice is widely different. The mere fact that a foreigner, on becoming naturalized in the United States, is required to renounce his allegiance to his former Sovereign, is sufficient to show that in America the law proceeds on the principle that every individual has a right to change his allegiance, and such has generally been the language of her despatches. Admitting, however, the opposite doctrine to the fullest extent, the position of the naturalized subjects of the United States with reference to the conscription will not be in the least degree affected. That doctrine admits the new allegiance while it keeps up the old. Its effect is to cause sometimes to the individual the embarrassment of a double allegiance, but it does not deny the validity of the naturalization with reference to the adopted country. This will be evident from the cases in which it has been brought into play. Thus, if a British subject becomes naturalized in America and afterwards returns to Great Britain, his old character reverts, or if he be taken in arms against his native country, he is considered a traitor. But the validity of the naturalization is so far admitted that the British Government would never interfere to protect him against any injustice which he might receive in his adopted country. Indeed, it is manifest that any other course would lead to the most inconvenient results. A State might be perpetually involved in quarrels on account of persons who had voluntarily quitted its shores and permanently settled in another country, and entirely severed their connection with their native land. It cannot, therefore, be doubted that a foreigner who has become naturalized in the United States is properly liable to the conscription, and that the State to which he formerly belonged has no grounds for interfering to protect him from this liability.

But between the two classes of visitors or temporary residents and naturalized citizens there is a third class more numerous than either, whose position, with respect to the conscription, is involved in more difficulty. There are at present hundreds of thousands of foreigners in America, who have removed to that country, and settled there, with the intention of making it their fixed abode, but who have not been naturalized according to the provisions of law, nor sworn any allegiance to the Government. Persons who have thus become domiciled in the United States without the full privileges of citizens occupy an intermediate position between mere visitors and naturalized subjects. It may be at once admitted that the American domicile does not take away the power which the State to which the foreigner belongs possesses of interfering for his protection, but it renders the invocation of it less reasonable, and the execution of it more difficult. The unreasonableness is on the part of the domiciled foreigners who ask for protection—the difficulty is with the State which is required to give it. The principles which have guided us in the discussion of the case of naturalized subjects will lead to almost similar conclusions with reference to aliens who are domiciled in America without having become citizens in the fullest sense. Looking, in the first place, at the individuals themselves, they appear to have no ground of complaint at being required to serve in the army like natural-born subjects. It is true they have not in express words declared their intention of becoming citizens, nor have they taken an oath of allegiance to the United States, but it is manifest that intention may be manifested otherwise than by words. And nothing can be clearer evidence of such intention on the part of an emigrant than settling in a country, carrying on trade there, and making it the principal seat of his fortunes. It is equally plain that allegiance is due from an emigrant to his adopted country, though he may never have expressly promised it. Such allegiance is a matter of tacit consent when a person deliberately gives up his own country and settles himself permanently in another. Moreover, the same consequences would flow from the consideration of the advantages which the domiciled foreigner enjoys in his adopted country. It is true that he does not possess these to the same extent as naturalized subjects; but they are at least offered to him, and it is in his power at any time to accept them. Moreover, the inconveniences of maintaining that the sove-

reigns of Europe, from whose dominions these persons had emigrated, have still a right to interpose for their protection are very great. It would, indeed, be impossible for the European States to undertake any such task; and, even if it were possible, it could not be their duty to protect persons who had voluntarily abandoned their own country and selected another. And the inconvenience would be still greater to the United States. Considering the great extent to which the population of that country is composed of emigrants from other countries, it would be productive of extreme confusion if all those settlers who had not taken the steps requisite for naturalization should consider themselves at liberty to appeal from the country which they had adopted to that which they had abandoned. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Government of the United States should always have strenuously maintained the doctrine that no such right of appeal existed, but that the mere fact of a foreigner removing to that country, and settling there with the intention of remaining, was sufficient to stamp him with its nationality, and to transfer his allegiance from the Government to which he was originally subject to the American Government. The present case has, indeed, never occurred, all the instances in which the matter has come before the Government of the United States being cases in which its protection was sought on behalf of persons who had become domiciled there, but were not naturalized subjects. Thus, in the case of Koszta, who was originally an Austrian subject, but afterwards became domiciled in America, and declared his intention of becoming a naturalized subject, the same protection was afforded to him as if he had been in the fullest sense a citizen, though, at the time, he had not resided long enough to entitle him to that character. The views of the American Government on this subject may be collected from the following quotation from the despatch relating to Koszta:—"Such domiciled citizen pays the same price for his protection as native-born or naturalized citizens pay for theirs. He is under the bonds of allegiance to the country of his residence, and if he breaks them incurs the same penalties; he owes the same obedience to the civil laws, and must discharge the duties they impose on him; his property is in the same way, and to the same extent as theirs, liable to contribute to the support of the Government. In war, he shares equally with them in the calamities which may befall the country; his services may be required for its defence; his life may be imperilled and sacrificed in maintaining its rights and vindicating its honour."

ELOPEMENT OF THE CONSUL AT THE DARDANELLES.

THE Roupell disclosures are hardly over, before Mr. Calvert, her Majesty's Consul at the Dardanelles, and sub-agent of Lloyd's, appears upon the scene in the character of an accomplished and interesting rascal. The comparison between these two great geniuses, whose fraudulent exploits have been so recently detailed, is not uninteresting. Mr. Roupell was a well-known Member of Parliament; Mr. Calvert was a gentleman whose name has long been familiar in the East for his antiquarian researches and his hospitality. Lord Carlisle gave him a little niche in his "Diary" in Turkish waters. Mr. Nassau Senior, if we are not mistaken, had talked with him, and even done him the honour perhaps of taking notes of his conversation. The author of "Eothen" had looked upon him with languid admiration. All enterprising Oriental travellers were acquainted with an amateur who had explored so thoroughly the rich archaeological treasures of the Troad. The heaven from which Mr. Roupell fell was an inferior one as compared with the heaven in which Mr. Calvert moved. The moral to be drawn from Mr. Calvert's delinquencies is accordingly a more stirring one. It will perhaps come home with peculiar force to the adroit moralists who have accounted to themselves for Mr. Roupell's wickedness by the recollection that his father was a pawnbroker, and that he himself had sat for a monster borough. It appears, after all, that education is not an infallible receipt for honesty. A man is not preserved from a peculating turn of mind by the friendship of scholars, by an intimate acquaintance with ancient coins, no—nor by archaeology itself.

Mr. Calvert seems to have distanced Mr. Roupell in the one point in which Mr. Roupell has been supposed to have outshone the rest of mankind. Mr. Roupell invented and forged a will and several collateral documents. Mr. Calvert, with Oriental ingenuity, has invented the history of a ship which never existed, received fictitious communications from a mere imaginary owner, laded the unreal bark with a cargo of unsubstantial oil, and actually insured it at Lloyd's for £12,000, the airy creations of his imagination. Having called the *Possidhon* into existence, the next thing was to get rid of her. Mr. Calvert decided upon the romantic expedient of burning her at sea. He telegraphed to Lloyd's the fictitious report of a fictitious agent, to the effect that a ship had been seen furiously burning forty miles off Lemnos in a gale of wind. The ship in question and the *Possidhon* were one and the same vessel, and neither had any foundation except on paper. The tale was worked out in all its details with the fertility of an accomplished novel writer. Imaginary cap-

tains were from time to time supposed to have turned up, and whatever Mr. Calvert gathered from his ghostlike conversations with the nautical productions of his brain, he communicated in his capacity of agent to Lloyd's. Ultimately he demanded the insurance from the underwriters in the name of his apocryphal friend the owner of the apocryphal oil, to whom he was pleased to attribute the name and title of Hussein Aga. Something, however, had happened to excite the suspicions of the underwriters. An agent was despatched to Constantinople to sift the matter. Mr. Calvert took alarm. With artistic cunning he decided on being the first to discover the fraud, and telegraphed to Lloyd's to say that he had been deceived. As the inquiry proceeded his position became untenable. He absconded just in time to escape arrest by the officers of justice, and is at present a fugitive in Asia Minor.

Mr. Calvert's letters to his English correspondent are certainly extremely comical. His language in reference to Hussein Aga is rather hard upon that imaginary personage. It is Hussein Aga who has ultimately to bear the blame; and Mr. Calvert all through skillfully depicts him as an individual about whose movements hang a certain air of mystery. "Strange to say, I hear nothing of Hussein Aga," he writes on August 8th. The remarkable nature of this piece of news diminishes when we consider that nobody else had ever heard of him at all; and that if Mr. Calvert did not choose to hear of him, no one else was ever likely to do so. On the 5th of February next Mr. Calvert felt it his duty to communicate to Lloyd's his suspicions as to Hussein Aga's character. "Some time ago," he says, "some circumstances came to my knowledge in connection with Hussein Aga, the shipper of the oil per *Possidhon*, which, though they did not bear directly on the transaction in question, led me to entertain doubts as to whether he was really worthy of the confidence which I placed in him. I have consequently been endeavouring, in a quiet way [*sic*], to learn something more about him and his proceedings at Aivajik. Nothing, however, that I had heard led me to doubt the *bonâ fide* nature of the transaction in question till yesterday, when further information casually came to my knowledge, which has given me strong grounds to apprehend that all is not right with respect to the alleged shipment of oil." This is extremely humorous. Robinson Crusoe himself could not have painted with minuter fidelity the details of an entirely fictitious circumstance. Mr. Calvert's confidences—his incipient suspicions—and his confirmed fears of the immorality of Hussein Aga, are wonderfully done, and must rank as a masterpiece of romance. Hussein Aga's duplicity was not ultimately discovered till Lloyd's became impatient and inquisitive. Had Lloyd's continued to trust Mr. Calvert, Hussein Aga, by a pleasing fiction, would to this day have been supposed to have taken refuge in the fastnesses of Syria. While Mr. Calvert thus proved himself superior to Mr. Roupell in his powers of literary invention, he did not fall short in the other essential qualifications of a successful forger. Certificates in plenty were forthcoming to testify to the clearance, the fate, and the cargo of the *Possidhon*. They remain as records of Mr. Calvert's genius—a pleasing and ingenious pile. All that is wanting to place her Majesty's ex-consul on a level with the ex-member for Lambeth is, that he should return in a few months hence to give evidence of his own frauds, under a powerful sense of sin and a decent regard for the prospects of his family.

Taken in conjunction with recent Liverpool frauds, which have lately attracted the attention of our leading insurance companies, Mr. Calvert's forgery will excite much interest and attention, even in a commercial point of view. The moral reflections that will occur to the mind of every one who reads the story in detail, require no discussion. In this age of enterprise and commerce, it seems as if no security could be obtained against dishonesty. Position and wealth are no guarantee of respectability. Taste, refinement, and education, all appear powerless against selfishness and cupidity. Religion itself seems to relax its hold upon the character, when pecuniary temptation assails it. One safeguard only, and that a poor one, is left. Let society punish with terrible severity these frauds, which carry ruin and desolation into the heart of so many innocent families. If nothing else will deter men from forging and from swindling, the law must increase its terrors for the sake of the public security. When all considerations of honour, reputation, and conscience fail, it is time to insist upon the necessity of an example. It is possible that Mr. Calvert may elude pursuit and apprehension. Let us hope that no step will be left untaken that may lead to his capture. The higher his previous character, the more deliberate has been his crime, and the more impressive should be, and must be, his punishment.

JUDGES AND THEIR WORK.

REFORM of any kind is a plant of slow growth in this country, and the law and all that pertains to it is the last stronghold which keeps innovation at bay. John Doe and Richard Roe died hard, and there is much which pertains to the generation of these respected personages which still survives their mature decease. There is some merit no doubt in this obstinate adherence to that which

exists, which is so characteristic of the English people and which has been, to a great extent, the safeguard of English institutions. Sir James Mackintosh compared the constitution to an old manor-house which had gradually grown to its present proportions by the addition of a wing here and a gable there, which had incorporated all that former builders had designed, which had obliterated little, while it added much, and which had piled up an incongruous but commodious dwelling which, if not symmetrical, was useful, and was all the more comfortable because it was inharmonious. We are no advocates for pulling the old edifice to pieces, and should be very sorry to see it replaced by a spick and span French *château* of the most logical design and approved construction. Nevertheless there are portions of the ancient building which do, from time to time, become so dilapidated and inconvenient that those who have to live in it must do something to adapt it to the wants of ordinary life. We cannot afford to maintain a ruin merely as an archaeological curiosity for the amusement of our neighbours. We must have a plate-glass window or two to give us light to read by, in place of the old casements which let in nothing but the wind, and we must be permitted an occasional register-grate in place of the andirons which sent the heat, but not the smoke, up the chimney.

The procedure of the law has been greatly simplified, and the expense and delay of litigation have been beneficially reduced by the law reforms of the last ten years. But what we may call the *apparatus* of justice remains very much as it was in the days of King Edward. In old days the *justices in eyre* were a liberal and enlightened provision for bringing the remedies of the law to the door of the suitor in every part of the kingdom. While in other countries the litigants are compelled to seek redress at the court of the king, the free constitution of England had provided that the king's judges should make the tour of the kingdom, and bring Westminster Hall within reach of the provincial communities. This was the origin of the ancient and useful institution of circuits. Lawyers now alive can recall the days when the Northern Circuit rode on horseback across the marshes from Newcastle to Carlisle. And to this day the corporation of Carlisle present the judges of assize with three Jacobuses as dagger money, to purchase two weapons of defence against the Grahams of Netherby, and the other moss-troopers of the borders. Whether the Jacobuses are taken as payment for the first-class tickets of their lordships by the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway we are not aware. At all events, we have never heard that the late Sir James Graham ever availed himself of the opportunity of holding a Chief Justice to ransom. We have no wish to see the administration of the law stripped of its ancient peculiarities, which probably to the vulgar mind invest it with a certain solemnity and awe. May the shadow of the judicial wig never be less! A "big-wig" is proverbially a great man, and one regards with quite other eyes the very ordinary gentleman whom you may meet one day at dinner in a tail-coat, and see the next enthroned on the bench in scarlet and ermine. Neither would we curtail the imposing retinue of javelin-men who afford the efficient protection of their halberds to Her Majesty's Judges in the performance of their duties. Let the soldiers still be confined to their barracks, in order that the pure administration of justice may not be intimidated by the presence of a standing army. Let barristers still frequent unclean and extravagant lodgings, lest they should be brought into contaminating contact with the attorney who takes his ease in his inn. Let these and other traditions of an obsolete antiquity continue to amuse, while they do not materially hurt us. But, on the other hand, let us have the relief which is imperatively demanded from customs which have become intolerable.

There is nothing more arbitrary than the division of circuits. They were established at a time when the number and distribution of the population were wholly different from the present state of things. The consequence is, that an adherence to the old arrangement is productive of the most serious inconvenience. It is understood that Mr. Baron Wilde and Mr. Justice Mellor, to whose lot the Northern Circuit has fallen in the summer, have been entirely overwhelmed by the pressure of the work that is thrown upon them. The work of a judge of Assize is, perhaps, the most severe of any to which the legal profession is exposed. In London a judge has an easy time enough of it. He comes down at half-past ten o'clock in the morning and he gets home at half-past four, and for the most part may attend to as much or as little as he pleases of what is going on. On circuit, however, it is a different matter. From nine o'clock till six or seven in the evening, and often later, when the business is heavy, he is compelled to keep his mind and his hand at full stretch in disposing of the cases which come successively before him. Even the leader of the circuit has not such continuous work as the judge; the former has some intermission of his labours, the latter can have none. This is a sort of work which no mind or body can maintain for any long or continuous period. The business of the Northern Circuit has become far beyond the limits of the physical and mental capacity of any two judges. When the northern circuit was first established, Liverpool was a fishing-port, and Manchester a village. It is absurd enough that even now the great capital of

cotton is only legally recognized for assize purposes as the hundred of Salford. The Liverpool Assize has long been a scandal. It is perfectly notorious that the means afforded by the present arrangement of the circuit for the conduct of the business are wholly inadequate to the necessities of the case. There has been for years a "talk" of dividing the circuit, but, as generally happens, the "talk" has come to nothing. The grievance has now reached a perfection which loudly demands a remedy. The evils of over-work are by no means confined to the judges themselves, who are the immediate sufferers by this state of things. The public interests, of which they are the guardians, sustain the most serious detriment. The trial of causes, and still more the trial of a prisoner, demand temper, intelligence, and attention, three qualities which a fatigued and exhausted judge is least of all likely to apply. Every one who has ever attended to the practical working of courts of justice must be aware how much in the proper conduct of business depends on the power and disposition of the judge really to do justice to the work, neither allowing it to be unnecessarily protracted, nor "scamping" it with an unseemly impatience. When a judge's powers are unfairly taxed, it is impossible to expect that good work should be got out of him.

The mischief of the present state of things may be met in two ways, either by increasing the number of judges, or by a redistribution of the work of the circuits. It does not seem to us that the first course is indispensable, though certainly the present state of business in the Courts shows that Mr. Gladstone was ill-informed when he suggested that an economy might be made in the expenses of the Civil Service by a diminution in the number of the judges. A simpler and less expensive remedy might be effected by distributing the work in a more equal and rational manner. More than half the circuits are over before the Northern Circuit has commenced the Liverpool business. In the present state of things, when the judges select their own circuit, the more leading seniors, who take the Welsh or the Norfolk circuits, have little or nothing to do, while the juniors have an amount of business with which they are utterly unable to cope. There ought to be no difficulty in equalizing the work, either by a new arrangement of the circuits which would give to each a fair average, or if, for professional reasons, there was any impediment to this, then it should be understood that the judges who had completed their lighter labours should be detached to the assistance of their brethren who were still chained to the labouring oar. The grievance is so crying, and the remedy so obvious, that the Home Secretary should be called upon at once to provide a cure for a condition of things which is a scandal to the administration of justice. In the mean time, it appears that Mr. Justice Willes has gone to the aid of Mr. Baron Wilde; but even this only supplies the ordinary number of two judges for Liverpool.

PEAKS, PASSES, AND PILLS.

TRAVELLERS have no reason to complain now of the amount of social honour accorded them. Circulating libraries, and geographical societies, have by this time made it quite certain that their fatigues will be rewarded by a grateful public, and that even those who are not believed will, at all events, be satisfactorily fêted. Some talk of Alexander, observes the poet, and some of Hercules; though at this period of the world's history the number is not large. But general conversation, when it has occasion to discuss the lion of the day, selects as frequently the British traveller as any military hero. It may have been so even in former days as well. It is remarkable that the list of famous captains of antiquity should be so precisely identical with that of those who have made the longest marches, and the only mythical hero who succeeded in extending his popularity beyond the limits of his own nation, and was associated with the thoughts and fancies of another race as well, did so, not on the ground of his mighty strength, but of his distant wanderings. So long as men travel for the sake of science, the more glory they receive the better. A nation does honour to itself, which gives it to the *Schlagintweits*; and when the recording angel is finally summing up the merits and demerits of Britannia's doings, the claim to have explored the continents will far outweigh that of having ruled the waves. Not the least of our national tasks has been, like that of Vulcan's children of old, to make new ways for the feet, and render the earth inhabitable. And if Indian canals and tracks across Australia are among the highest achievements by which Englishmen can now make roads to carry others to market and themselves to the stars, it is possible that some stray beams of glory may even descend upon the head of the adventurous explorer who first succeeds in opening a pass from Grindelberg across the Stummacherjoch to Pfaffenwald, which any one who wishes may ever hereafter pursue in safety, in strictly fine weather, by rising at one o'clock in the morning, after having provided the implements of an Arctic winter, and secured the services of a couple of porters and one experienced guide.

There is, however, an abuse of travelling against which it has become necessary to enter some humble protest. Among the many advantages which a visit to foreign countries undoubtedly bestows, we cannot consent to reckon that of being able to think disparagingly of those who find the Stummacherjoch unpalatable. British energy is a grand thing, and never so grand as when it finds a worthy obstacle to cope with. But we have

certainly met with members of society who are indefatigable at the work of their ordinary professions, and yet who would not climb a mountain to save their lives. It is not deficiency of resolution that is against them; it is simply shortness of wind. They travel as the rest of the world, and enjoy it; they like good scenery, and they fancy that they are able, here and there, to find it; they amuse themselves with foreign manners and customs, and if they found that they could not travel comfortably without wearing a beard, they would wear one. But they object to being considered as social cyphers at the Pfaffenwald *table d'hôte*, because a maximum elevation of eight thousand feet above the level of the sea is all that they ever wish to reach. They get up quite early enough at home, and like the extra hour in bed when they come abroad. Of the two, they rather prefer not to have to pay a guide at the rate of a better sort of curate. If they wish to keep the skin on their face throughout the year, and to carry about with them three or four changes of linen, we cannot find it in our hearts to blame them. But it is not, perhaps, unnatural that they should complain at being regarded by some of their fellow-travellers as intruders and interlopers. A gentleman of probity and intelligence may surely venture a remark on the weather without special reference to its effect on the melting of snow, or he may have a natural preference for riding up steep paths which yet does not involve a self-indulgent disposition and generally feeble mind. He does not deny the sincerity of those who make a business of pleasure; all he claims is, that his own desire for the less ascetic kinds of amusement shall not be construed either into epicurean sensualism or un-national want of pluck.

Those who enjoy life, so to speak, with ferocity, may be divided into two classes,—the men of uncontrollable temperament, and the men of ill-regulated digestion. Pfaffenwald is colonized by the two in about equal proportions. The former of the two classes comprises, *par excellence*, the men of energy. They do not come to see, nor, let us hope for their own sakes, do they come to be seen. They come to *do*. Immediately the law-courts and such other trifling is over, the serious business of the year begins. Between these impetuous champions and their work there arises a kind of warfare; every day has its struggle, every issue joined is prosecuted to victory or defeat. The all-important question is, whether twelve stone of organized living matter can be transported in a given time from one particular point of the earth's surface to another. It is not pretended that any one, the twelve stone included, is any the better or more comfortable for the change, or that it will ever have the occasion or desire to perform the same journey again. All that is wanted is a struggle. If this is the ground chosen for the combat, let it by all means be fought with all the zeal that has been simmering throughout the winter in the traveller's breast in anticipation of this glorious moment. The energy of Britons must be boiled off somewhere, and this is as good a field as any other that is perfectly useless could be. No one blames the zealot for his eagerness and courage; every one not uncharitably disposed will wish with all his heart that his entirely aimless ambition may be satisfied to the full. All we venture to suggest is, that indulgence should be shown to less ambitious minds. Some of us have got other things to care about, and some do not very much care for struggling. If men have been spending the whole year in thinking how the Stummacherjoch may best be done from the south side, Heaven forbid that they should be prevented from trying it when August comes; but those who have enough at home to spend their energies upon, and who go abroad to avoid hard work and not to seek it, are after all a numerous and not a despicable class. Let every man follow his taste; but let the explosive atoms of our social body concede to the non-elastic particles their due.

The other class of travellers from whom quiet men occasionally have to fear intolerant treatment, are those who travel for purposes directly sanitary. What can be the reason why the month which follows the dissolution of Parliament should be so generally chosen as the season for regulating the digestion? Professor Tyndall, in one of his Alpine papers, declares that his health positively will not stand the trial of not going to Switzerland. Once, he says, he thought he would try the milder experiment of Wales, but he found it mere quackery and delusion. He was suffering from a general attack of indisposition, and his Alpenstock was lying useless in his room. Primrose Hill and Snowdon alike failed to afford him relief. At last he packed his knapsack, started for the Alps, and was at once restored to health. We are delighted that the learned professor should be well again; but the record of his sufferings and restoration has been by no means an unmixed benefit to the world. It lays us all under the imputation of travelling for the sake of our health. It is quite amusing to see the prominent place which digestion has taken of late in the thoughts of travellers. Far more people go abroad now to strengthen the stomach than to improve the mind. We do not know whether it is entirely pleasant to the feelings of picturesque Swiss and German villages to be regarded in the simple light of a blue pill; but the fashion of so regarding them is terribly on the increase. We all knew long ago that mountain air gives an appetite, and that travelling, if accompanied by the use of flannel waistcoats, is an excellent thing for invalids; but it is hardly too much to say that no record of mountaineering is now considered sufficient without copious allusions to the internal economy, and eupeptic or dyspeptic experiences. "I started,"—so the narrative generally proceeds,—“after partaking of a cup of coffee and a roll; in the former I have generally found a lump of sugar useful for correcting the acidity which coffee at high elevations

is wont to produce. The Moraine was at first a little difficult, and the heavings of the chest produced by the upward ascent were in no slight degree painful. As the increased absorption of oxygen tends to stimulate the consumption of fuel and increase the waste of the system, I thought it wise to take a small dose of cognac, and found some relief from it. After crossing a small Alp, where I obtained some milk,—and it may be useful to mention that where the theine of an English breakfast-table cannot be procured, a piece of chocolate dissolved in three times its weight of water, combines well in the stomach with warm milk,—I descended at once upon the glacier. I had no sooner done so than I found myself attacked by a certain feeling of sickness, the result no doubt of the irregular motions of the diaphragm enforced by the passage among the crevasses. Two ounces of bread and half an ounce of mutton, were all that was necessary to relieve it. Half an hour's walking brought me to a difficult ice-fall. After carefully considering whether a slightly disorganized state of the liver might not possibly lead to some giddiness, I determined to attack it." In some such way the story goes. Surely there are some people who go abroad without thoughts of digestion! There must be a certain number to whom the passage of the Channel is the only one circumstance in their tour that reminds them that they have organs of assimilation at all. It is bad enough to be told that hard walking is the whole duty of man, without being told that it is his whole medicine as well.

The truth is, that idleness is pleasant for a season. A laborious idleness, and an over-sensitive idleness, may please some portions of mankind; but idleness, pure and simple, is the most delightful for the mass. Professor Forbes, when, twenty years ago, he wandered among the high Alps, was incautious enough to draw an invidious distinction between travellers and tourists, to the manifest exaltation of the former, and disparagement of the latter. The contemptuous tone in which he spoke of those who journey for pleasure has borne a harvest of bitter fruit ever since. Why should not workers, in their brief holiday, be lazy if they like? A thing of duty is a bore for ever. Those who live by the sweat of their brow at home may well afford a little coolness and repose abroad. At least, they may aim at a little comfort. Alpine wisdom, unlike that of Solomon, abides in the uninhabitable parts of the world, and its dwelling is not by any means with the sons of men. Let it choose its own home; but let those who prefer rest do so with an untroubled conscience. It is a grand thing to climb the Stummacherjoch, but it is not disgraceful to be very well satisfied with the *coupé* of the diligence and an evening's stroll to the Montanvert. All the passes and peaks will no doubt be done in time, and all the digestions set to rights. Fortunately, geography will be of no use in the world to come.

CRIMINALS.

The daily papers show some of the familiar signs of one of those small excitements about the increase of crime which are every now and then produced by the occurrence of a few offences of the same kind at about the same time. A few years ago London was completely frightened by the exploits of a certain number of burglars and garotte-robbers, who displayed unusual activity for a few weeks in the winter, and within the last few days we have all read letters and articles setting forth the enormities of ticket-of-leave men, and the dangerous leniency with which they are treated by magistrates and judges. Isolated complaints and individual cases afford no really satisfactory evidence on such a subject, and to ordinary readers statistics are, perhaps, even less instructive, as the figures of which they are composed convey no real meaning at all. Very little indeed is to be made of the fact that 5,000, 7,000, or 10,000 persons were sentenced in one year to penal servitude; and most of us would probably receive either of the three announcements with the same vague feeling that it was all very shocking, but without much notion whether it was more than was to be expected in the common course of events. The proceedings on circuit and at the Sessions are much more instructive, and far less vague. By attending to them, any one may take the measure of the serious crime in the country with considerable accuracy, and may form a fair notion both of its importance and of its specific quality. The first thing that strikes any one who happens to be practically familiar with such matters, is the extreme unimportance and rarity of crime in the greater part of the country. When the number, the importance, and the interest of perfectly legal transactions are compared with those of crimes, the disproportion is incalculable. There are many flourishing counties, containing a fair number of considerable towns, and a large agricultural population, in which, for years together, serious crimes are almost unknown, and which contain nothing resembling a criminal population. In such a county, containing, perhaps, a population of 150,000 or 200,000 souls, some thirty or forty prisoners will be tried at each of the Sessions and fifteen or twenty at the Assizes—say one in a thousand of the whole population in the course of the year. The great mass of these offences are of the most trivial kind; indeed, many of them might just as well not be prosecuted at all. A Quarter-Sessions calendar in an agricultural county is a contemptible document. Most of the offences which it records are as petty and as far removed from anything like professional criminality as anything can be. A servant steals his master's money. A man gets drunk at a public-house, and is hustled, and has his pocket picked by one of his companions. Two men quarrel, and one gives the other a slash or stab with a knife. Here and there, no doubt, a case of organized

plunder occurs; for example, a receiver of stolen goods sometimes meets with his due, or a man is detected who has made a trade of pilfering from some large concern, such as a railway, or has made use, habitually, of some special opportunity for plunder, as a dishonest secretary to a benefit society. Sometimes, but very rarely, the professional thief or robber makes his appearance. He can never be mistaken. To say nothing of his peculiar jail-bird air, his speech bewrayeth him. It is one of the most absurd sights in the world to see a professional criminal cross-examine the witnesses for the prosecution. It is often quite easy to see in what school he has practised, and whether he has formed his manner on the model of the Old Bailey or on that of the Northern or Western Circuit. It is, however, but very seldom that such a man appears in the dock. The great majority of those who figure there have got into a bad scrape for once, and owe their crime to some special temptation which no general precautions can guard against.

What is true of the Quarter Sessions is still more true of the Assizes. Burglaries and offences against the coinage are frequently committed by professional criminals; but almost all other crimes are occasional. Crimes of violence are so, almost universally. Murder is hardly ever committed by a man who makes a business of crime, except by accident: as, for example, when a policeman is killed in attempting to apprehend an offender. In general, murders arise from some cause which it is impossible to provide against. A man, much like other people, gets into his head some strange scheme of plunder, vengeance, or gratification, and in pursuit of it destroys life, often in a manner altogether monstrous and unaccountable. Of the capital convictions which took place during the recent circuit, almost all were for crimes of this perfectly isolated kind, for which no one except the murderer himself was to blame. The horrible cases tried at Winchester and Bodmin were both of this kind. They could be referred to no general class. They were mere isolated acts of lust in the one case, and brutal ferocity in the other, which no system could have prevented. These terrible cases are fresh in the memory of every one. An even more striking instance of the casual and sottish manner in which murders are committed occurred in a trial at Warwick. A farm servant, without any assignable motive, took a dislike to a girl who was his fellow-servant, went into the kitchen where she was washing, and without a shadow of provocation or quarrel, coolly shot her dead. There was nothing in any way peculiar about the man, and no history was connected with the murder. He killed the woman just as he might have eaten his dinner, and behaved at his trial with exactly the same stupid insensibility which he showed when he committed the crime.

The only crimes of violence which have anything like a systematic character are those which arise from poaching. In particular parts of the country there are every year some four or five pitched battles between keepers and poachers, in which men may be, and sometimes are, killed or maimed, and it remains to be seen whether the recent change in the law will amend or aggravate this state of things.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, crime is rapidly coming, at least in the greater part of the country, to assume a sporadic individual shape. When it has done so entirely, it will have been reduced as far as general legislation can reduce it. There is no hope at all that any improvements in the law, or any other reforming power, will ever do away with isolated cases of crime. No general measures will ever diminish the number of murders, rapes, embezzlements, forgeries, or thefts by other than professional thieves; nor has education anything whatever to do with such things. Many of the worst of them are committed by persons of a considerable degree of education. Forgery, for example, and embezzlement, are for the most part the offences of people in a respectable position in life; and there is no reason to suppose that they will either increase or diminish in number in any material degree. The ordinary philanthropist's view of the matter proceeds on the supposition that crimes arise from bad social arrangements, and might be removed by improvements in them. This is true only of professional crimes. Occasional crimes are much more numerous, more important, and they include infinitely the most heinous cases—for example, murders, rapes, and forgeries. The only possible way of dealing with such offences is by punishment. They can never be foreseen or provided for by general arrangements, and nothing can be more fallacious than most of the arguments about them, founded as they are on statistics which are vitiated by more than one fundamental mistake.

One of the commonest of the errors which flow from this source, is the common opinion that ignorance is a cause of crime. The principal evidence given in support of this notion is that of the calendars, which record, amongst other matters, the degree of instruction of the different prisoners for trial. They almost invariably describe them as either unable to read and write, or able to do so only in an imperfect manner. These calendars are mere delusions. They are framed by the gaolers generally on the information derived from the prisoners themselves, and for some strange reason the latter appear to take a pleasure in concealing their knowledge, either from a natural taste for falsehood, or from a sort of notion of making themselves appear as abject and defenceless as possible. In the course of a trial it often appears that prisoners entered on the calendar as unable to read and write are not only perfectly well able to do both, but actually used those accomplishments in the commission of their offences. Not long ago a girl was tried for murdering her master by poison. She was entered on the calendar as imperfectly instructed,—a phrase which would lead any one to suppose that she had received no teaching of which she could make any practical use. Part of the

evidence against her was that when in gaol she had written two letters, in which she substantially admitted her guilt and tried to excuse it. The letters were read in court, and were perfectly well expressed, very reasonably well written, and free from any very remarkable faults in spelling. They were, in fact, the letters of a girl who had received the ordinary education of a national school, and had carried away a very substantial and important part of it. She had had, in fact, quite as good an education as the great mass of the population are ever likely to receive. This was by no means an isolated case. A person who happened to be present at an assize town, in which the calendar was remarkably heavy, containing specimens of nearly all the worst crimes that can be committed, murder included, was struck by the fact that one of the murderers, who was entered in the calendar as unable to read or write, called a witness to his character who said he had attended a Sunday-school up to the age of sixteen. On inquiry, he found out that the man had received not merely a good, but a careful and prolonged education, and was not only able to read and write, but was also skilful in arithmetic. He was, however, guilty of a most atrocious murder. This discovery produced further inquiry, and on going through the calendar with the chaplain, the gentleman ascertained that the education of nearly every prisoner was greatly underrated; that almost all of them had a fair average amount of teaching; and that many had been carefully taught and educated on strict religious principles. Indeed, this last feature was so common, that it appeared as if the reaction against their education had had much to do with their crimes.

There seems to be considerable hopes that the public at large are coming to take a sensible view of this subject. We have almost completely outlived the morbid way of talking and writing which was formerly in fashion on this matter. Hardly any one in the present day really supposes that schools will ever be substitutes for gaols, or agitates against capital punishments. Some years ago it was a matter of difficulty to get a capital conviction, even in a clear case. In the present day, if a man commits a real murder, he has no more chance of escape from the sensibility of the jury than a mad dog. This is a very satisfactory change. It shows that the public at large are coming to the sound conclusion that crime is an inevitable evil, which must always be punished, but will never be exterminated.

THE BICENTENARY CELEBRATION.

THE conduct of an ecclesiastical question is a crucial test of a critic. The calmest temper, the most judicial mind, are no guarantee for the impartial consideration of the affairs of the Church. In a dispute between the holders of two different creeds, each may be assured, by his own experience, of the excellence of that for which he contends; neither can admit the possibility of a similar experience in his antagonist. The feelings associated with the objects of earliest belief are outraged at finding them attacked; pride and prejudice are roused to assist in their defence; and an incapacity to understand the position of an adversary supervenes on the exclusive attention to one's own creed. The Gallio, who might be supposed to bring to the discussion a mind free from bias, feels no sympathy with either disputant, and has nothing but contempt for such battles of kites and crows. Even when the question is removed to the domain of history, the difficulty of discussion is but little lessened; the tenacity of attachment to the subject of dispute may be somewhat abated; but, on the other hand, arises the diversity inseparable from the estimation of evidence.

The celebration, last Sunday, by the Nonconformists, of the Bicentenary of St. Bartholomew's-day, 1662, has strikingly provoked the waywardness of ecclesiastical criticism. This is the more remarkable, as in this case the facts are scarcely in dispute; there seems to be only a question as to the greater or less number of seceders from the Established Church in 1662, but whether there are two thousand or but one thousand can hardly be a matter of importance. Apart from this, there is a singular agreement in the statements put forth on opposite sides. The volume of "Documents relating to the Act of Uniformity," published by the Central United Bartholomew Committee, with the address of the committee, may be taken to represent the view of the Dissenters; and the seasonable appearance of the second volume of Mr. Perry's "History of the Church of England," containing the story of the time from the opening of the Long Parliament to the flight of James, furnishes us with the conclusions arrived at on the subject by a moderate but steady Churchman. Both would agree in confessing that, at the meeting of the Long Parliament, there existed in many parts of England great dissatisfaction at the government of the Church, and especially at the rigorous enforcement of ritualism by Laud; that a long struggle ensued between the King and the Parliament mainly on this subject, in which the former got worsted; that in the course of it the Parliament imposed on the clergy the Covenant and the Directory; and that a great number of beneficed clergymen were ejected from their livings for refusing to take the one or conform to the other, while others were deprived for not satisfying the "triers" of the Commonwealth; that on the return of Charles II., invited by Presbyterian and Prelatist, and preceded by the declaration from Breda, the Parliament enacted the Act of Uniformity; and that a large body of Puritan clergy were, in their turn, deprived for refusing to declare their assent and consent to the Book of Common Prayer and the illegality of the Covenant. But from the admitted facts the most diverse conclusions are drawn. The propriety of any commemoration of the secession of 1662 is denied by some, whilst

others are content to object to the celebration of it by the Nonconformists of the present time.

Were it not for the heartburnings of ecclesiastical strife, it would be difficult to understand why all the men of to-day might not with advantage commemorate the emigration of the Puritan ministers two centuries ago. Whether we hold their opinions to be right or wrong, admirable or detestable, we may still do honour to the tenacity with which they clung to their convictions rather than accept the ease of conformity. Good men struggling with difficulties are a sight admired by the gods, much more when the difficulties would disappear at the simple utterance of a *credo*. One of the greatest thinkers of the present day laments over the easy subservience of men to the dicta of society, and it will scarcely be contended that 1862 might not learn something from the scrupulousness of subscription of 1662. It may be hoped that we, under similar circumstances, should show the same virtues; but it is improbable, if we do not find our sympathy excited by the courage and fidelity of these confessors, just as it is aroused by the sufferings of the royalist clergy under the Commonwealth. We may not accept their creeds, but we must respect those who suffer for them,—whether they be Presbyterians forbidden to preach or to teach; Episcopalians celebrating in secrecy the feast of the Nativity, broken in upon by armed soldiers, and conveyed to prison; or the Breton fishermen putting out at night in their boats to offer, at the peril of their lives, the sacrifice of the mass in—

“A midnight congregation on the sea.”

The contemplation of such trials must not only tend to strengthen our faithfulness, but to increase our tolerance. The latter result is often denied by those who readily confess the former. Intolerance so frequently survives an increase of knowledge that it is sometimes thought to be provoked by it. The memory of the past is said to revive old hatreds, and men wish that history had never been written. Such a view will probably be found on examination to spring from that constant source of error, a want of a due perception of proportion. Closely allied to the old fallacy that a little learning is a dangerous thing, it is propounded by those who note the disadvantages, but not the advantages, of knowledge. An intolerant man may feed his intolerance on the animosities of the past; it is more probable that he will feel how small a part of life is covered by his own theories. Those who already possess some spirit of tolerance must find it increased by a revelation of the cruelties into which the opposite spirit might lead him.

The right of the modern Dissenters to commemorate the St. Bartholomew's Day of 1662 has been no less stoutly questioned than the propriety of any commemoration. It is not, indeed, denied that the present Nonconformists are the direct descendants of the Puritan divines, that they hold the same doctrines and observe the same form of worship; but inasmuch as they have added to the belief of their forefathers the tenure of what is called the voluntary principle, it is said that they can have neither part nor lot in the deprivations under the Act of Uniformity. It seems strange that the fact that the thoughts of men have grown wider should prevent their commemoration of the virtues of their ancestors. Had they, indeed, put forward the men of 1662 as martyrs of Voluntaryism, the objection would have been valid; but such a pretence does not appear to have been made, and, indeed, the absurdity of converting men who were *forced* to separate themselves from the temporalities of the State, into witnesses for the wrongfulness of these temporalities, is too transparent to admit of its being seriously propounded. The change of the views of Nonconformists on the subject of endowments cannot interfere with a celebration of the conscientiousness of their predecessors. Men advance on the creeds of their fathers, but they do not on that account omit to honour their memory. Had no feeling of piety linked the Dissenters of this generation with the recusants of the Restoration, we may be sure that their days would not be long in the land. If Dissent has no history it must be moribund, and can promise little in the future; whether the festival it has just celebrated betokens an increase of power, or is only the glory which gilds the end of its day of work, time must determine. The Liberation Society puts forth a plain programme, on the merits of which we give no opinion; but the Dissenters will, perhaps, do well to ask themselves whence arises the scandal that this Society should be looked on as representing all their work. Something of it may, perhaps, be due to the complacent ignorance of their opponents, but possibly more is owing to the deadness of every other function of Dissent.

No Churchman of this age can feel otherwise than ashamed of the barbarous Acts which followed the Act of Uniformity. Mr. Perry truly says the first Conventicle Act brought down atrocious hardships on the conscientious dissenter; and on the Five-Mile Act he adds, “It is needless to waste words in condemnation of its vexatious and vindictive spirit.” Both Acts appear to be due to the zeal of the country gentlemen in the Commons rather than to the Court or even to the clergy. Bishop Earle, indeed, opposed the Five-Mile Act, and Bishop Wilkins told the King that “both as an Englishman and a Bishop he was bound to oppose the second Conventicle Act.” The clergy, as a whole, however, were not unwilling to accept the anti-Puritanic rage of the Commons. But though these shameful Acts have been long since repealed, the Act of Uniformity remains in the Statute-book, and is still approved by most Churchmen. Some rule of subscription must doubtless attach to all societies; but we may well regret that the divines of the Restoration made their limits so narrow. No question of doctrine separated the subscribers from the non-subscribers; the differences between them were on Church government, and forms of worship. As the dissidents had so moderated their

pretensions as to be contented with a permissive variation of worship, it would have been wise to have conceded so much freedom. With the utmost desire to sympathise with the disputants in their attempts to arrive at an agreement, it is often impossible now to understand their several objections; but we may tolerate a weakness for which we can scarcely avoid feeling contempt. If the conscience of a minister would permit him to pray for “those who travel by land or by water,” but not for “all who travel by land or by water,” although we cannot appreciate the variation, we may allow him to use it. No English Churchman can look at Scotland without rejoicing that he has escaped a compulsory Presbytery and Directory, but he may still regret that a greater license was not permitted to the consciences or even to the whims of ministers. Had the schemes of comprehension repeatedly proposed in the reign of Charles been adopted, the English Church would have preserved the energies of many of her most zealous children, and we cannot doubt but that the Common Prayer would have been gradually adopted in all her parishes. Divines congratulate themselves on the failure of such attempts at comprehension, and the preservation of the inviolacy of the creeds and formularies of the Church, but it seems sufficient to reply that the creeds are never attacked, nor was any variation of the formularies ever proposed which could produce a greater fundamental difference than now exists in the English Communion. Those who see cause for gratulation in the policy which lost the greater part of the Dissenters, should consistently advocate such a simplification of the present standards, as would evict half the existing Church. In the face of High Church, Low Church, and Broad Church, a dread of variety seems to indicate the timidity of Conservatism rather than a passion for simplicity.

EMS.

Of the many English travellers who pass up and down the Rhine during the summer months few only turn aside from the main route to visit the beautiful valley of the Lahn and the picturesque and charming little watering-place Ems. Many persons, especially ladies, are sent there for their health by English doctors, but, with the exception of them, the number of English visitors is small. Ems, however, offers many attractions to the mere tourist, and is perhaps quite as beautiful as even Baden itself; in some respects it possesses, in point of natural beauty, advantages over Baden. The Lahn, which divides the little town into two parts is a much larger stream than the river at Baden; the body of water which it carries along, so far from being inconsiderable, is wider and fuller than many streams which in England are called rivers. The little town lies, with its gardens and promenades, stretched at considerable length along the narrow line of ground which intervenes between the banks of the river and the range of wooded hills, so bold in aspect and so varied in outline and form, which skirt and hem in closely for many miles the clear and winding Lahn. The part of the town on the right bank of the river is much larger than that on the left, but the latter part is likely to increase at a much more rapid rate than the former, in consequence of its being the site of the railway station.

From the position of Ems its climate is very mild. The valley in which it lies stretches from west to east, and is completely protected from the north winds by the hills which bound it on that side. The east wind is also cut off by a bend which the hills make at the eastern extremity of the town. The prevailing winds are the south-west and south-east. Occasionally in the middle of summer the heat is very great, and the climate may be considered as too relaxing for many constitutions. The evenings, however, of the hottest days are generally cool and refreshing, in consequence of the breezes that pass up and down the Lahn.

The railway has given a new life to Ems, as it has done to many other places. Till within the last two or three years the usual way of reaching it from the Rhine was by carriage from Coblenz, which is about nine miles distant. The railway, however, has rendered it much more accessible. Persons now bound for Ems from the banks of the Rhine, leave the Coblenz Railway at the Castle of Stolzenfels, cross the river in a little ferry-steamboat to Ober-Lahnstein, from which Ems is only about twenty minutes distant by the railway. Nothing in its own kind of scenery can be more pleasing than this way of reaching Ems. The line follows closely the whole way the banks of the Lahn, which bends and twists about, hemmed in, as it is at Ems itself, by picturesque and well-wooded hills. The railway does not terminate at Ems, but continues to follow the course of the Lahn as far as Limburg, about eighteen miles farther up, and is to be carried some twenty miles beyond that town, till it falls into and joins the Great Frankfurt and Berlin line of railway at Giessen. The Government of Nassau expects, with good reason, that much of the trade of Central Germany will be diverted by this line from its former channels, and will empty itself into the Rhine at Ober-Lahnstein. If this expectation proves correct, the hitherto secluded and peaceful valley of the Lahn will be roused into a life of extreme activity, and Ober-Lahnstein, which was during the Middle Ages one of the fastnesses of the electoral robbers of Germany, and has been for many years past one of the dullest and the dirtiest of German towns, will become a great centre of peaceful and legitimate traffic. The manner in which the Government of Nassau have sketched out their railway system in a country presenting many difficulties from its hilly and uneven character, reflects much credit on their prudence and sagacity. The whole course of this line till its present termination at Limburg is a costly and most arduous work, there being no fewer than eight tunnels, some of which are of considerable length, besides iron

bridges over the Lahn, the course of which is followed by this railway for the greater part of the way. The traveller is reminded of the railway from Liege to the Prussian frontier. But the Lahn Valley Railway is extremely beautiful, and will, when better known, be much travelled over by tourists.

The first station from Ems is Nassau, a place combining much historic interest with its own intrinsic claims to beauty. In a commanding position above the town are to be seen the ruins of a very ancient and a very famous castle, the cradle, or, to use the German word, the *Stammschloss*, of the illustrious family of the Counts of Nassau, which has been long divided into two branches—the elder, the family of Orange Nassau, now represented by the King of Holland; the younger by the reigning Grand-Ducal family. In 1814, the King of Holland gave up his claim to his hereditary possessions at Nassau on his receiving in lieu of them the duchy of Luxemburg. The old castle, however, is held in joint possession by the representatives of the two families, and the gardens around it are kept up at their joint expense. Before coming into the possession of the ancestors of its present royal owners, Nassau belonged to the Chapter of Worms. From this body it was taken by force, in the twelfth century, by the Count of Laurenburg, a castle further up the valley, who built the castle, and then assumed the title of Count of Nassau. Between Nassau and Limburg several other castles are passed, which are interesting to persons who are acquainted with the history of the mediæval families of Germany. Limburg itself is well worthy of a visit, on account of its ancient cathedral, and the pleasing scenery which surrounds it. This cathedral is, indeed, the most interesting in Germany. It is of the Transition period of Gothic architecture, and dates from the twelfth or thirteenth century. Its position is very striking, on a steep and lofty eminence, around the foot of which the Lahn sweeps rapidly. A few miles from Limburg, among the mountains, and on the high road between Limburg and Homburg, is Selters, famous all over the world for its Selzer water. Fachingen, whose waters are so similar to those of Selters, and enjoy in Germany a reputation nearly as great, is a station on the railway before reaching Limburg. The immediate neighbourhood of Ems abounds in spots to which agreeable excursions may be made. The usual mode of transit for those who are unable to walk up the hills is on the back of donkeys. Crowds of them are to be found all over the town, plying for hire. A donkey-boy considers himself as very hardly used if a stranger who has once hired his donkey does not continue to hire it during the whole time of his residence at Ems. The little animals seem well fed and well treated by their masters, are very well behaved, and go through their work generally to the satisfaction of those who hire them. As there is not much to pick and choose between them, the donkey-boys have, perhaps, some reason to feel offended if any capricious disrespect is shown to their respective donkeys. Donkeys, however, have it not all their own way, even at Ems; their step-brothers, mules, enter into competition with them in soliciting the favour and the smiles of visitors. This unruly race does sometimes show at Ems its great want of good breeding, and is consequently not a serious rival to the gentle donkey when a donkey is to be got. A mule was once seen at Ems to give the most manifest and most ill-bred signs of delight after a well-known English Cabinet Minister had alighted from his back, kicking up his heels for nearly fifty times in rapid succession. The place which he chose for his acrobatic performances was a very slippery and hilly path, but, notwithstanding that he imperilled both his own neck as well as his late rider and all the other bystanders, he went on kicking in the rudest manner. As the master of a distinguished college at Oxford, on being told that some young gentleman had committed a grave breach of college discipline, remarked—“I am not surprised to hear it; his father married his cook.” So it may be said: “What can be expected of the son of a horse and an ass?”

The waters of Ems have, for many centuries, enjoyed a great reputation. The place was known to the Romans; many Roman remains, with the mark of the 22nd legion on them, have been found in the neighbourhood. Traces are still to be seen, within a very short distance of the town of the *Vallum Romanum* mentioned by Tacitus. No remains of Roman baths have been discovered; the inference, therefore, is, that there never was a Roman settlement or colony on the present site, but that the occupation was merely a military one. There can be, however, no doubt that the Roman legionaries, who were so fond of hot baths, must often have bathed in the waters. The earliest in which Ems is spoken of as a bathing-place dates from the fourteenth century. The hot springs at Ems are numerous, and might be much increased by digging wells in the valley. Several of the springs find a vent in the middle of the bed of the river, and increase its temperature. On its left bank, at a short distance from, and a few feet above, the river, and nearly opposite the Kur-saal, a fountain of hot water, at the temperature of 117° Fahr., is to be seen boiling forth, and discharging into the air, steam, mingled with carbonic acid gas. The water from this fountain is raised by a steam-engine, and forced into some of the bath-houses. The waters which are used for the purposes of drinking, are three in number; they vary in temperature, and to a certain extent in chemical properties. The Kesselbrunnen (Kettle-fountain) is the warmest, and the one most generally drunk. Its temperature is about 116° Fahr., and its chief chemical constituents are bi-carbonate of soda and common salt, with a certain proportion of the carbonate of lime and magnesia, and traces of iron, manganese, and other minerals. Of the other two wells, the warmest is 95° Fahr., the other is 89° Fahr. The chief constituents in both of them are also bi-carbonate of soda and common salt.

Most, if not all, of the chemical properties which are to be found in the other well are to be found in these two also, but in different proportions. Doctors, however, who scout at homœopathy, profess to see great differences of curative influence in these infinitesimally varying quantities. The class of diseases for which the waters of Ems are considered so good and efficacious are the affections of the mucous system. The majority of the patients consists of women; no other waters in Europe enjoy so great a reputation in all female complaints as these waters. The hour for drinking them is in the morning before breakfast, and in the evening from five to six. The hour for dinner is one o'clock, the national hour of dinner in Germany. The doctors generally insist on their patients dining at that hour. The hour of drinking in the morning is the most amusing part of German bath-life. Crowds of people of all nations are to be seen walking about with glasses of the hot water in their hands, drinking it at intervals as it cools. The motley of nations at Ems is, in the full season, always very great. The fair skin, the merry laugh, and the bright smile of the English, are recognized at once among the throng. The handsome dresses of black silk are at present a distinctive mark of the Polish ladies, who, in their patriotism and anguish for the wrongs and sorrows of their native country, have universally assumed that colour as their national dress, and, with the exception of the girls, who sometimes put white lace in their summer hats, or around their necks, have sworn to wear no other dress till their country's griefs are redressed. By the soft sounds of the Slavonic languages, and the absence of the black dress worn by the Poles, the Russian ladies are known. The Italians are easily distinguished from the Spaniards by all who are acquainted with either tongue. To the surprise of the frequenters of Hyde-park, a well-known person, conspicuous both for her horsemanship and the manner in which she can hold the reins, made her appearance lately among this motley throng. The taste and the beauty of her dress were pronounced faultless by the most fastidious critics of all nations. The dog which she unceasingly fondled, her constant and faithful companion, was allowed by all to be of the purest breed, and to be worthy of the pencil of a Landseer. The coarse and fitful pleasures of the gaming-table failed to attract her. Unlike most of her countrywomen, some of whom now at Ems are ladies of the highest rank and fashion, she disdained to dine at one o'clock. She continued to fix the gaze of all for three days, and then, like a meteor, the mysterious Anonyma disappeared among the hills, and has been seen no more.

Like Wiesbaden, Ems has the privilege, if privilege it can be called, of being permitted by the Government to have a kur-saal, or public gaming establishment. A gentleman connected with the Court is sent from Wiesbaden to exercise a general superintendence over this establishment, and generally over all matters connected with the waters. To those who are acquainted with either Homburg, Baden, or Wiesbaden, the play at Ems seems dull. The gaming-tables are only two in number, and, except on a Sunday evening, when numbers of people come over from Coblenz, a crowd is seldom seen around them. The atmosphere of the gaming-room seems generally soporific; the croupiers look bored, and rake in the money with a slow and laggard hand; it is evident that they receive fixed salaries, and have no share in the profits and the spoil, as the income-tax collectors in England have. The way in which business is done betokens much flatness. The want of briskness in the croupiers affects even the players, who seem to win or lose their money with the most perfect stoicism and indifference, and look as if they are playing more from motives of imperative necessity than from the demoniac impulses of the passionate and absorbing love for play and gain. The kur-saal is a very handsome establishment; it is more in taste, and on the whole more elegant, than the one at Homburg. It contains a reading-room, to which every one is admitted gratuitously. Among the many other papers of all countries which are to be seen there are a copy of the *Times* and the last *Edinburgh Review*. The reading-rooms are handsome and much better and much more commodious than the one at Homburg, though not so good as those at Wiesbaden. The music is very good, and plays three times a day, in the morning and evening, at the well, and later in the evening at the kur-saal. Impromptu dances are frequently got up in the evening at the kur-saal by the German girls, on the spur of the moment, as soon as the sounds of a waltz are heard. The band plays in a gallery of the large room of the kur-saal, and the elder and the staid part of the audience sit on sofas, which line the walls, leaving a large space in the centre for the dancers. The hotels and lodging-houses at Ems are extremely good and comfortable, and hold out every inducement to the tourist to spend a night, if not more, in them. Those of our readers who may be induced, by the remarks we have made, to visit Ems or to continue on their journey to Limburg, will not, we are sure, be disappointed.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

PERFECT freedom from prejudice is a very rare virtue, and nothing can be more pleasant when we do meet with it. This reflection has been stirred within us by two remarkable letters which appeared in the columns of the *Times* in the early part of this week. Excepting a great breadth of view, especially with reference to religious creeds, these two letters had nothing in common. One was posted within the metropolitan postal district; the other came from an obscure corner of Western Africa. One contained an account of that time-honoured custom, the pilgrimage to Mecca; the other gave us a deeper insight into the character of that new celebrity, the King

of Dahomey, and a more philosophical knowledge of the peculiar institutions under which his kingdom is administered.

The first to appear was the letter describing the pilgrimage to Mecca, and we will therefore give it precedence. It was dated at Norwood, and bore the signature of Haji Muhammad 'Abd Ul Wahid. This is not a mere *nom de plume*, but is (as will presently be seen) a *nom de pèlerinage*. The writer is no renegade Mussulman revealing the sacred mysteries of his religion, he is only an accommodating Englishman. "Having resolved," he says, "to perform the Mecca pilgrimage, I spent a few months at Cairo," during which sojourn he got well crammed in the forms and ceremonies of the Mahomedan faith. When the time came for the departure of the pilgrims, Haji Muhammad "embarked in a small steamer at Suez with the 'mahmil' or litter, and its military escort, conveying the 'kiswah' or covering for the kabah." Three days after the departure from Suez, "the man at the wheel informed us that we were about to pass the village of Rabikh, on the Arabian coast, and that the time had consequently arrived for changing our usual habiliments for the 'ihram' or pilgrim-costume of two towels, and for taking the various interdictory vows involved in its assumption, such as not to tie knots in any portion of our dress; not to oil the body, and not to cut our nails or hair, nor to improve the tints of the latter with the coppery red of henna." "After a complete ablution, and assuming the ihram, we performed two prayer flections, and recited the meritorious sentences beginning with the words, 'Labbaik Allah humma labbaik!' 'Here I am, O God, here I am! Here I am, O Unassociated One, here I am, for unto Thee belong praise, grace, and empire, O Unassociated One!'" The pilgrims disembarked at Jeddah, encamped outside the town, and then, after a visit to the tomb of "our mother Eve," the camels were mounted, and the caravan set out for Mecca. Twenty hours' journey across the desert brought them to the outskirts of the sacred city, and in the early morning they entered at the "Gateway of Salvation." And then (to continue the narrative of Haji Muhammad) "we at once advanced to the black stone embedded in an angle of the kabah, kissed it, and exclaimed, 'Bismillah wa Allahu Akbar,' 'In God's name, and God is greatest.' Then we commenced the usual seven rounds, three at a walking-pace and four at a brisk trot. Next followed two prayer flections at the Tomb of Abraham, after which we drank of the water of Zamzam, said to be the same which quenched the thirst of Hagar's exhausted son." A few days were spent in various religious exercises, and then, "commencing our return, we slept at the village of Muzdalifah, and there gathered and washed seven pebbles of the size of peas, to be flung at three piles of white-washed masonry, known as the Shartans (Satans) of Mecca. We acquitted ourselves satisfactorily of this duty on the festival of the 6th of June, the 10th day of the Arabian month, Zú'l-hijr. Each of us then sacrificed a sheep, had his hair and nails cut, and exchanged the ihram for his best apparel, and, embracing his friends, paid them the compliments of the season." After pelting the Satans on two successive days, and insulting the tomb of an unbeliever, Haji Muhammad turned his face towards home, having charged his friends to offer a final prayer for him. There is, no doubt, rare humour in all this, especially in the idea of "delegating to my brethren the recital of a prayer in my behalf at the tomb of the prophet at Medina," and we should be sorry to confess that we did not see the point of the joke. But supposing the Japanese who were lately in this country had, after some preliminary instruction in the English liturgy, attended the service at the Chapel Royal, and there scrupulously observed all the forms, and finally had received the sacrament, with every outward mark of devotion,—and supposing again, on their return home, they were to publish a humorous account of what they had seen and done, and encourage their countrymen to do the same, by way of a pleasing diversion in a foreign land,—would it have been thought a good joke here in England? Perhaps it might; we do not pretend to say.

We now come to the most important part of Haji Muhammad's letter. "In penning these lines," he says, "I am anxious to encourage other Englishmen, especially those from India, to perform the pilgrimage, without being deterred by exaggerated reports concerning the perils of the enterprise. It must, however, be understood, that it is absolutely indispensable to be a Mussulman (at least externally), and to have an Arabic name. Neither the Koran nor the Sultan enjoins the killing of intrusive Jews or Christians; nevertheless, two years ago, an *incognito* Jew, who refused to repeat the creed, was crucified by the Mecca populace, and in the event of a pilgrim again declaring himself to be an unbeliever, the authorities would be almost powerless to protect his life." With what formulas, prayers, and customs, Haji Muhammad may become familiar, what creeds he may repeat, what sacrifices he may offer—in short, what "guarantees" of cosmopolitan orthodoxy he may acquire,—is of course a matter of infinitesimal importance to every one but himself. There seem to be no limits to the elasticity of his religious convictions, and we have not a word to say against his throwing himself, as soon as he pleases, in a fit of simulated devotion, under the wheels of Juggernaut's car. Life is life, and Norwood is a pretty place; but some, perhaps, there are who, had they to choose between the lot of that poor unknown Jew, who met a death of lingering agony amid a sea of strange and hostile faces, rather than repeat a creed which he believed to be false, and the lot of Haji Muhammad, in his comfortable villa at Norwood,—would not choose the latter. It is possible, however, that Haji Muhammad's letter may have the effect which he desires, of encouraging other Englishmen to follow his track, and pursue a similar course of religious dissipation. Now,

the wandering Briton, with all his virtues, sometimes plumes himself on treading roughly upon the corns of the foreign people at whom he condescends to stare. What some English "officers and gentlemen," accompanied by an English lady, did in a mosque at Cairo a few years ago, is probably fresh in the memory of our readers. But if there be one scene more dangerous than another for the display of the marks of superior enlightenment, it is the centre of a vast and heterogeneous multitude gathered together for the celebration of a great religious festival. The haughty bigotry of Mussulmans may, perhaps, be slowly yielding to the influences of the age, but danger there will be for a long time to come. Many of the faithful, as Haji Muhammad tells us, are expecting the advent of the predicted period when unbelievers shall profane the sacred soil; and we may learn from the history of all religions, that after a religion has ceased to be a living faith in the mass of its votaries, there are sure to remain some stern unbending spirits, who are lashed by the degeneracy around them into a frenzy of fanaticism. These are the right sort of men to stick a knife into "an intrusive Jew or Christian," and get up a massacre if there be sufficient materials for a work on a large scale. In case such things should come to pass, we deprecate beforehand all "tall talk" about the "Civis Romanus." What there is to be seen at Mecca Haji Muhammad has now told the world, and who is the better for the information? Let Englishmen, if they wish, by all means go as pilgrims to Mecca; and, if it must be so—let them perish unavenged. Their blood be on their own heads.

Having done with Haji Muhammad, let us turn to the second correspondent,—a gentleman residing on the West Coast of Africa. It was recently found necessary to annex Lagos to the British empire, and to depose the King Docemo, because he had fallen under the influence of a cabal, who were the partisans of the King of Dahomey; and a suspicion crosses us that this West African gentleman may have been an active member of the party whose evil counsels lost Docemo his crown. Very possibly he resides at Lagos, and certainly he is an admirer of the King of Dahomey. The style of his letter is terse and vigorous; he freely rebukes the ignorance of his countrymen, and dashes off judgments on strategical, ethnological, and theological questions, with a bold and easy hand. Above all, there is no cant or humbug in him, thank Heaven. It does not appear that he has yet been called upon to make a public profession of the Dahomey faith, like Haji Muhammad; but we have every reason to believe that should he receive the honour of an invitation from his friend to assist at the next celebration of the "Grand Custom," he would be perfectly ready to sacrifice the orthodox number of human victims, to take a seat in the King's state canoe, and paddle about in the lake of the victims' blood, till it had evaporated under the rays of a tropical sun.

The introduction of the King to the British public is skilfully managed by his admirer. "The King of Dahomey is named Baddahung. He is not the ruffian described in the English papers. Personally he is well looking, and indeed few black men are better looking." Then we come to something less attractive about him. "If he has one feeling more intense than another, it is hatred of the English." But small blame to him, if any, thinks the West African gentleman. "He hates us, because we interfere with the revenue of his kingdom," which is derived from its exports. A few months ago there was shipped "a splendid cargo," worth £180,000. "I know some good folks here," says our correspondent, "who saw the shipment; they counted 1,600 poor devils go up the side." And yet the territory of the King of Dahomey is a pleasant land. Its towns are prettily situated, and well laid out. "It has an excellent market, where beef, pork, mutton, fish of various kinds, pigeons, fowls, ducks, turkeys, guinea-fowls, fruits, vegetables, and European and native manufactured goods may be had." The men are brave, and the women are virtuous:—

"Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet."

A residence, however, in this Arcadia has its drawbacks; very trifling ones, it is true, but enough to annihilate the hope of finding unalloyed happiness in any spot here below; for, "as you walk along the streets of Whydah, you will often come across the ruins of a house. These ruins were once the mansions of people who have given offence to the king. So soon as the king fancies that he has been offended by any person, he sends from Abomey for the offender. The offender is carried off, his family and all, into the interior to Abomey, and he is never seen again. His house tumbles to pieces, of course, and no one is allowed, on any pretence whatsoever, to build upon the spot where the offender once lived." Knowing, as we now do, that the King of Dahomey is really a good fellow at bottom, the picture of these ruined tenements vividly recalls to us one of Mr. Leech's charming sketches, in which Edwin and Angelina are seen standing amid the wreck of a completely equipped breakfast-table. Blending the two sketches together, with small aid from fancy, we may hear the King of Dahomey saying (after the manner of Edwin to Angelina) to the surviving friends of the family whose habitation had been made a dust-heap:—"My good friends, I am a little hasty, I know; but it is all over in five minutes; the least said the soonest mended." The King of Dahomey is a good fellow, but the King of Ashantee is a better one if possible. "The human sacrifices at Coomassie are ten times worse than those at Dahomey." And there is a divinity which doth, with a vengeance, hedge about the wife of a King of Ashantee; for "if an unfortunate devil should meet a wife of the King of Ashantee in the streets, and by chance see her—should he even not know that the woman is the wife of a king—his lot

is death: he is beheaded." "The Africans" (adds our informant) "don't dislike these customs; I think they like them." However imperfect be our knowledge of natural history, we all have learnt that eels from force of habit have come to regard the operation of being skinned with indifference. But what are the eels compared to these Africans? Being skinned has never grown to be a positive taste with them.

Every reader of Herodotus will remember his account of the peculiar medical treatment adopted in all cases by a certain African tribe. When a man fell sick he very soon found himself surrounded by a sorrowing circle of relatives and friends. The invalid knew what was meant by these attentions, and at once protested vehemently that his ailment was a mere nothing, and that he would soon be himself again. But the sense of duty was early developed in the poor African's untutored mind; and the circle around the bed—painful as it was to them—solemnly assured the sick man that there was no hope of recovery, and that his earthly course was run. To satisfy any lingering doubts in his mind they despatched him, and then the party sat down to a meal, which was also a funeral. Did we possess the infallibility of the gentleman on the West coast of Africa, we should without hesitation pronounce the people of Dahomey and Ashantee to be the lineal descendants of this interesting tribe, only a great improvement on their forefathers. In the days of Herodotus there was a weak reluctance to die, but it is not so now. Civilization has made rapid strides among them, and "the persons who are selected to die, die cheerfully. The selection is an honour." "Eat, my children," would now be the precept of a father, "and be eaten; but of the two, be eaten." The mind naturally craves for a philosophic explanation of these singular phenomena, and the gentleman on the West coast of Africa is just the man to give us what we want. "Human sacrifices," he says, "are regarded by the Africans as they were regarded by the Jews—as a part of their religion. They are not committed out of sheer wickedness, but in a paramount sense of religious duty, just as we bow the head at the utterance of the name of the Saviour." We confess to have been astonished by the statement that human sacrifices were a part of the Jewish religion. We thought that the Jews did such things only when they were infected with the idolatries of their neighbours; and it occurred to us that a Protestant might fairly object to have the worship of the Virgin spoken of as part of the Protestant faith, because Dr. Newman and others have as (the term runs) "embraced the errors of Popery." But we felt all along that this was the childish reasoning of ignorance, and when a man writes with an air of absolute certainty, it is impossible to withhold assent from any proposition he advances, however startling. We wondered, doubted, and believed. Happily for mankind faith has its rewards sometimes in this world; and at last there was given a reason for the faith that was already within us. "Abraham was not considered a scoundrel for preparing to cut his son's throat. The customs in Africa are most ancient. Human sacrifice is the heritage of the Jews." M. Lamartine, indeed, with that *abandon* characteristic of the French mind in Biblical speculations, somewhere speaks of Abraham as a hoary old villain, who turned out the girl whom he had ruined, together with her child, to perish in the desert,—but let that pass. It is now settled beyond a doubt that human sacrifices were an integral part of the Jewish religion, that the Africans derived the practice from the Jews, and that Abraham is not to be considered a scoundrel for not doing an act which, if he had done it, would have been perfectly right and proper. Gratefully and humbly we bow before the fulness of the revelation.

These topics suggest a great question, which we have not space to discuss. Is a "civilizade" justifiable? Mr. Mill says that a community has no right to force another to be civilized, and if the sufferers by a bad system are satisfied, no one ought to interfere because it is a scandal to persons some thousands of miles off. If, then, the subjects of the King of Dahomey are as contented as they are now represented to be, there is not a word more to be said. But in spite of the weight of authority against us, we have never been thoroughly satisfied that the eels are really indifferent to being skinned: and much as we have learned to revere the teacher on the West Coast of Africa, we should not grieve to hear some day that a round shot from a man-of-war had accidentally carried off the head of his illustrious friend, the King of Dahomey.

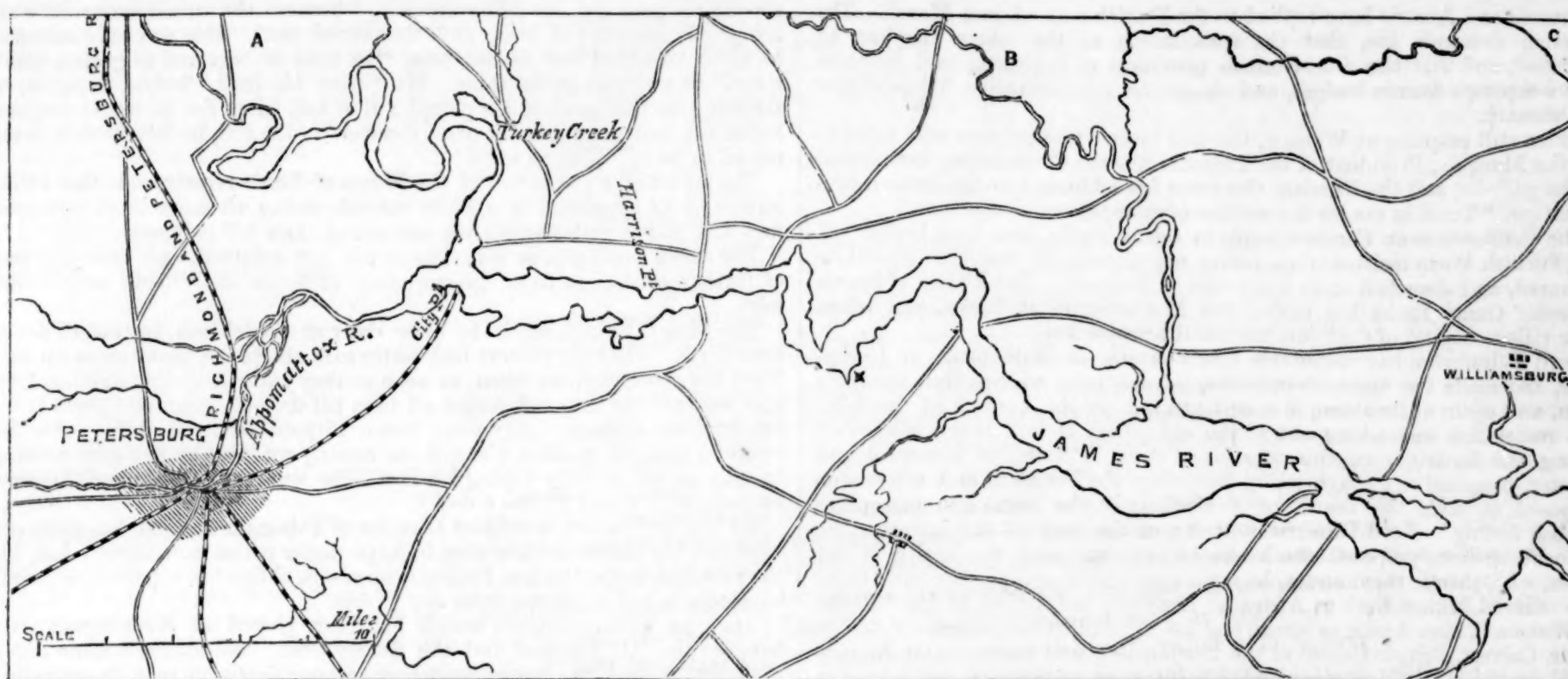
A FRENCH STEEPLE-CHASE.

THERE can scarcely be imagined anything much more repugnant to a healthy-minded Briton than a Sabbatarian steeple-chase. The steeple-chase of itself is not an institution that Englishmen are inclined to view with any favour, fond as we are in a general way of all pursuits that involve the chance of breaking our necks. In spite of the popularity of such exhibitions as those of Blondin, we have not yet come to such a state as to enjoy the spectacle of amateur suicide. It may be surprising that a nation which delights in hunting should yet give no proportionate encouragement to steeple-chasing. The reason probably is, that while in both cases there is danger, in the one case we participate in it, in the other we are only spectators of the danger of others. It is curious that the French should tolerate a sport to which even in England we are not very partial. And yet there is more than one annual steeple-chase in France, that of Paris being naturally the best supported. Provincial towns follow in the wake, and Dieppe has for some years held a steeple-chase meeting. Not only is there a yearly steeple-chase in this gay watering-place, but it always comes off on Sunday. The first day of the present week was devoted to this most unsabbatical of all amusements, and

Dieppe turned out in full force to witness the spectacle. The weather was of that kind which French *fête*-days (the late *fêtes* of the 15th notwithstanding) seem almost always to command, bright, sunny, and clear. The ground of the races is a plain lying at the foot of some pleasant heights on the road to the famous Château d'Arques, about a mile and a quarter from the Etablissement. The Dieppe course is of an exceedingly ugly description, being generally rough, and so uneven that the horse can never see what he has got to do. The "obstacles," as the jumps were called, were much the same as those of Liverpool or any English course, neither more nor less difficult. One of them, however, was somewhat unusual, consisting of two fences with not more than an interval of about six yards between them.

The stakes were three in number, the great stake reaching the sum of seven thousand francs, contributed partly by the municipality of Dieppe and partly by the steam-boat company, each no doubt subscribing for good reasons of its own, apart from any desire to encourage sport. The second, or "Selling Race," was of the value of two thousand four-hundred francs; and the third, the "Prix de Consolation," amounted to two thousand only. The "jokeys" were all English, as were most of the horses to judge from their names. The frequenters of English steeple-chases recognized a great English winner in Mr. Anderson's Yorkshire Grey, which, however, was scratched before the race for which it had been entered. Among the spectators, too, as well as among the horses, there was a good sprinkling of what Joan of Arc first styled *Godams*; and there was much unpleasant intermingling of that choice tongue which obtains on English race-courses with a certain popular French expression, in which the letter *r* plays a principal part. On the whole, however, the spectacle was one of eminent respectability. Betting there seemed to be none, except in the most casual and amateur way. There was, indeed, a betting-stand and a "Tribune des Paris," but we could not perceive a single book or book-maker. With an Englishman a race is a serious matter of business; but Frenchmen go just as English ladies go, to be amused and to see one another. With him a bet seldom exceeds the moderate dimensions of a couple of francs, and is therefore a much less important affair than even the pair of gloves which forms our conventional wager with the fair sex. Hence the scene is happily wanting in that great element of blackguardism, in the shape of the betting man, which is never absent from the most insignificant race-course in England. But the French course is not only without the sinners that we have; it has saints that we have not. Not only is the book-maker missing, but the priest is present. At the Dieppe course on Sunday there was more than one abbé in his sable gear, and assisting at mass in the morning was not deemed inconsistent with assisting at the steeple-chase in the afternoon. One pious father near whom we were seated, employed himself in the interval between the Selling Race and the Consolation Stakes in the edifying perusal of his book—we mean his prayer-book. And, after all, there was nothing at all in the whole affair that need have shocked the tenderest conscience, if we once got over the English view of Sunday, a thing we are really bound to do in speaking of French diversions. We should be naturally horrified at discovering an English clergyman wishing to lay "two to one, bar one," in the Doncaster ring; but nobody could have found in his heart to bemoan the backsliding of the French curé in watching his flock enjoying a sunny holiday, even though it were on a Sunday, and in spite of there being "jokeys" and horse-racing. The funniest part of the whole spectacle for an Englishman accustomed to the neat tiger and tight-breeched postilion, was to be found in the marvellous costumes of the drivers of the various vehicles. Some of the postilions looked passable until they moved, when the enormous size and ill fit of their nether garments made them wondrous to behold. One unhappy tiger was comprehensively clad in a huge pair of boots and a hat; and most of the drivers presented the appearance of Artful Dodgers of the turf. The liveries, most of them being purchased as cast-off clothes from the imperial postilions at Paris, are regularly brought out on this day, and the tarnished lace having been subjected to a furbishing process, are dealt out to the drivers with about as much discrimination as is displayed in the distribution of regulation boots to the Metropolitan Force. The principal proprietor of these garments and carriages commenced the day by a kind of procession along the beach, with himself at the head of the motley crew: the general effect is such as we could imagine to be produced by Mr. Cook parading the staff of Astley's Amphitheatre in full dress along the King's-road at Brighton.

The steeple-chase itself was the part of the day's proceedings to which the least interest was attached. The pace was very slow. The first race was won easily by Auricula, a horse who ran second to Mon Etoile, when only a two-year old, though not placed by the judge. Church-Langton threw his rider at a dry ditch, the first time round the course, but, nothing daunted, continued the race in first-rate style, on his own account, coming in about a neck before Auricula. The second race was rather interesting, there being a close run between Jean Duquesne, a well-known horse at English steeple-chases, and the Roque, the latter, however, winning by a length. Trente et Quarante, a favourite, and ridden by a neck-or-nothing jockey, refused to take the first "obstacle," and, in spite of the furious whipping of his rider, could not be induced to stir. The Prix de Constitution proved a mere walk over, there being only two starters, one of whom refused the second fence, and Grey Peter consequently had the race to himself. But people evidently went rather by way of holiday than with any great expectations from the race, so that nobody seemed to feel any disappointment.



A. Road to Richmond.

B. Chickahominy River.

C. York River.

THE PAST WEEK.

IF the accounts which have reached this country by the *Bohemia*, and which come down to August 16, are correct, it appears that General McClellan has begun his retreat from Harrison's Land and Turkey Bend. Part of his army has been embarked on transports, and is being conveyed down the James River eastward towards Fortress Monroe by land; the rest of his army is retiring eastward by Williamsburg to the same destination. As the Confederates possess no armed ships south of Fort Darling, the transports will probably arrive in safety. But it remains to be seen whether the Confederates will allow the remainder of the troops to pursue their retreat unmolested. As the columns march along the northern bank of the James River, it is obvious that their flanks will be exposed to serious danger from the Confederates, and if they allow the Federals to escape, General Lee will show himself less enterprising than his previous career would lead us to anticipate. If, however, General McClellan should succeed in extricating his army from its difficult position, he will have done something to retrieve the reputation which he has now partially lost.

It is said that General Burnside has arrived at Culpepper, some thirty miles west of Fredericksburg, whilst Jackson is at Gordonsville, some miles to the south, with 60,000 men. The probability is that Pope and Burnside are still endeavouring to effect a diversion, to facilitate the retirement of McClellan, and so far they seem to have been successful.

General Pope has published the official account of the battle at Cedar Mountain, mentioned in our last impression. According to that report the Federals had 1,500 killed, wounded, and missing, 300 of whom were taken prisoners. Naturally enough, the Confederates claim the victory, and it is said that thirty commissioned officers of General Pope's army have arrived at Richmond, where, as the telegram says, "they would be imprisoned and finally punished as felons until the Federal Government should cease the war policy inaugurated by General Pope." What this is we stated last week. Though General Halleck has refused to answer the letter of General Lee, remonstrating against the proclamation of General Pope, and threatening retaliatory measures, still it appears that General Pope has practically withdrawn the obnoxious proclamation. He has issued an order stating that his "proclamation, directing the army to subsist on the country, has been abused by officers and men," and "forbidding all to molest or disturb the property of citizens. Acts of pillage and outrage will be punished." It is fortunate that the wisdom of the rules of civilized war should be so soon vindicated.

The news from the West is somewhat contradictory. According to one account, on the 7th of August, a battle took place at Tazewell, which lies near the point where the three States of Tennessee, Virginia, and Kentucky join, and that 3,000 Federals surrendered; but according to a semi-official despatch from Washington, the battle took place on the 9th, when the Federals were victorious. There is also another rumour that Baton Rouge, on the Mississippi, has been taken, with four Federal regiments, and that the Confederates have sunk two Federal gunboats.

It is of the utmost importance to the Federalists that the army should be rapidly recruited. The North undoubtedly have the means of taking Richmond, and the chances are that they will ultimately succeed in that difficult task. Nor is it possible that the war should cease until the North have shown their superiority in the field. It is satisfactory, therefore, to find that official orders have been issued for formally commencing the draft of 300,000 men on the 1st of September, and also the additional special draft to fill up all the old regiments not filled by that date. Moreover, it seems to be admitted that, although the drafting excitement continues, recruiting has much improved on the other hand; it is said that men hasten to enrol themselves as volunteers instead of waiting until they are drafted. In all the loyal States there is said to be the same ardour. In the Border States alone there is difficulty,—Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri. "The conviction," says an intelligent correspondent, "that there can be no stable Government in this land, and therefore no security for whatever any man may possess, unless the rebellion is put down, has in fact reached all classes. Accordingly, the people of the North are giving themselves with renewed ardour to the prosecution of the war, having resolved that, at whatever sacrifice, it must and shall be brought to a successful issue."

General Butler has ordered a forced contribution of \$330,000 from the banks, cotton-brokers, and merchants of New Orleans, for the support of the

poor. Nearly 200 firms are assessed, and the assessments are made in proportion to the sum subscribed by the merchants for the defence of New Orleans against the Federal Government.

Garibaldi has got over into Calabria with thirteen hundred of his followers. Not only Sicily, but the Neapolitan provinces are declared in a state of siege. General La Marmora, who governs at Naples, has proclaimed that since Garibaldi's conduct threatens to produce anarchy, and to provoke civil war, the rebellion shall be crushed. At Naples and Messina order is still preserved. Several small towns, however, in Calabria as well as in Sicily, have "pronounced" for Garibaldi. It seems that at Catania he took upon himself to appoint a prefect "in the name of Victor Emmanuel," and "by virtue of powers he has from the Italian nation." He seized the public treasure, and what arms he found in the place. He has put out an address to the Hungarians, inviting them to share the new battle to which he would drive the Italians; those are to fight Austria, while with these he would fight France. The Magyar General Klapka has replied that Garibaldi's voice is not the voice of Italy, and will find no echo in the land of the Danube; he begs the self-appointed liberator to desist from his lamentable course, by which only the House of Hapsburg and the European reaction can profit. But Garibaldi goes on, though Cialdini, Revel, and Pinelli, generals of the King of Italy's army, cover with their troops the roads through Calabria; and a conflict took place near Reggio on Tuesday, in which several men were wounded on either side. Garibaldi, being forestalled in the occupation of Reggio, has gone up into the mountains. Meantime, that admirably managed National Committee of Romans which waits, and works, and guides the populace, in defiance of the Papal *sbirri*, has drawn up an address, telling the Romans to trust still in the King of Italy, who will appeal to Europe for justice on their behalf. "When he, the first soldier of Italy, speaks of delay, we must believe in the necessity of it, but it will be a short delay, and the last." The French Ambassador, Lavalette, and Montebello, commander of the French garrison, have had a long interview with the Pope. The Emperor Napoleon has sent from his camp at Châlons a note to the *Moniteur*, declaring that, "in view of Garibaldi's insolent threats, and the possible consequences of a demagogic insurrection, the duty and military honour of the French Government oblige it more than ever to defend the Holy Father." The French fleet has been sent to the Bay of Naples, and the British fleet goes there to see what it is about. Other great Powers have explained why they determine, rather late, to pay their respects to the kingdom of Italy. Prince Gortschakoff's circular note says, very handsomely, that Russia is happy to give her moral support "to a Government chosen by the enlightened majority of a country for which we feel sympathy," and where King Victor Emmanuel's reign is a guarantee for social order. Prussia has written to Austria, expressing herself quite satisfied with the present attitude of Italy, so far as the interests of the German Federation are concerned. Austria retorts that the pacific professions of Italy are mere waste paper. Hopes Prussia won't have cause to be sorry for having approved of a revolution. The Austrian army in the Venetian provinces is to be increased by forty thousand.

The marriage of the Prince of Wales is announced to be solemnised early next spring. His bride is the Princess Alexandra, the daughter (second child) of Prince Christian, who is heir-presumptive to the Crown of Denmark, by the law of succession enacted in 1853. The house to which she belongs is called that of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg. Her mother was a Princess of Hesse-Cassel. She will be eighteen on the 1st of December, and she is tall and fair. Her father is just now going to bring her to Ostend, where it is likely her intended husband may pay her a visit. A letter from the Prince of Wales to Lord Derby has been printed, in which he says he is much pleased with the report of the committee on the proposed national monument to his beloved father; and he earnestly wishes to help to carry out the late Prince Consort's plans for educational buildings on the Kensington Gore estate; he promises, therefore, a subscription of £2,000 towards the central hall. The Queen has laid the first stone of a cairn to the memory of Prince "Albert the Good," on a silent mountain summit near Balmoral. She now returns, to embark at Gravesend, and go to Germany next week.

The French army in Mexico has done nothing, but somewhat improved its position by the retirement of the Mexicans behind the first line of the Cumbres, so that the French are masters of the Orizaba territory and the heights which command it on the north.

Prussia and Austria have replied to the Danish note of last March. The Prussian demands are, that the constitution of the whole kingdom be abolished, and that the semi-German provinces of Schleswig and Holstein have a separate finance budget, and almost an administrative independence of Denmark.

Order still reigning at Warsaw, the two journeymen-printers who tried to kill the Marquis, President of the Imperial Finance Commission, have ended on the gallows, and the Russian Governor has addressed to the Poles a proclamation, "Trust in me for the welfare of your beloved Fatherland."

The Conferences at Constantinople to settle Servia have been broken off. The Turkish Porte insisted that before negotiating, the Servians should be disarmed, and demolish their barricades at Belgrade. The Prince of Servia refused. Omar Pasha has beaten the Montenegrins at Rieka, and taken their village capital of Cettigne, whence the people fled.

Lord Palmerston has visited his lady's estates at Melbourne, in Derbyshire, and made two agreeable speeches, in reply to an address from the little town, and again at luncheon, in a tent pitched on the borders of the lake. The restoration and adornment of the old parish church being celebrated among the festivities on this occasion, Canon McNeile, of Liverpool and Chester, preached to a congregation including the Premier, and afterwards proposed at table the health of a Minister "who eminently personifies English feeling." Lord Palmerston spoke of the state of the country, the national defences, proposed the health of the vicar, and the health of our ladies, who, though they cannot, he says, compete in complexion with those who relieved Mungo Park in Africa (or Ledyard, as testified in his "Praise of Women"), have hearts as warm, and far more cultivated minds.

Mr. Calvert, British Consul at the Dardanelles, well known to the literary world for the aid he has given to the exploration of classical antiquities in the Troad, has absconded with a charge against him of attempting a gross fraud upon under-writers and oil-brokers in London. He wrote to a friend here, Mr. Abbott, a merchant, on behalf, as he said, of one Hussein Aga, to effect an insurance of £12,000 on a ship in Turkish waters loading with oil for Falmouth or Cork. He also bid Mr. Abbott raise £3,500 on the bills of lading which he sent. He then informed Mr. Abbott that the vessel had sailed on the 6th of April. He afterwards, being sub-agent to Lloyd's, telegraphed that a ship had been seen, two days later, burning off Tenedos (*est in conspectu Tenedos*, and Mr. Calvert lives near the site of Troy). Months passed on, the Turkish oil-ship never more was heard of, and at length, in August, when Mr. Abbott was pressed by Messrs. Bevan & Cole, who had advanced money upon her, Mr. Calvert said he was sorry to have come to the conclusion that she was the vessel burnt. He thereupon, as consul, furnished the necessary documents for a claim on the underwriters. His letters were full of plausible conjectures about the manner in which the *Possidhon*, or *Poseidon* (?), had met her disastrous fate. But there was suspicion at Lloyd's. An agent was sent to inquire. Mr. Calvert instantly discovered that he had been deceived by Hussein Aga. The investigation went on, and it became too evident that no such vessel, and no such cargo, had ever existed. Lloyd's Committee applied to Lord Russell, who desired Sir Henry Bulwer to call Mr. Calvert to account for his conduct. Mr. Calvert vanished from the Dardanelles, and the Supreme Consular Court at Constantinople has issued a warrant for his arrest.

The alleged dishonest tricks in trade at Manchester, connected with the recent bankruptcy of Dalton & Heap, are again before the assize courts. The imputation is that certain warehouses were supplied with calicoes much below the market price, from that of the impending bankrupts, who had got goods they never paid for; thus underselling the honest dealers. The *Manchester Guardian* was charged with libel the other day, for discussing these supposed practices, and heavy damages were obtained by a merchant, who then proved to the satisfaction of the jury, that his hands were clean in the particular business referred to. The same person, however, after being plaintiff in that action, is now defendant in a civil suit. The trial is not yet over, and his counsel undertakes to prove that there was no conspiracy at all.

Jamieson, the captain of Liverpool merchant vessels, who wrote those letters to Mr. Ruxton, owner of ships he had commanded which were lost, to the injury of the insurers, has been tried for attempting to extort money from him by the threat that he would "expose their joint villany" in the wilful destruction of the ships. Mr. Ruxton admitted in his evidence that, of eight ships he had heavily insured, six were lost, and he had transferred to his son three others about a week ago; those he had left were mortgaged to their full value, and, four years ago, when he was a bankrupt, he paid his creditors but 2s. in the pound. Jamieson had threatened to give information of the fraudulent practices, for which pardon and a reward of £200 were offered to the accomplices therein. Jamieson was acquitted on the charge of using this menace without reasonable or probable cause.

The archbishopric of Armagh, with the primacy of all Ireland (excepting Dublin), has been given to the Bishop of Kilmore, Dr. Marcus Beresford, a near relative of the late Archbishop Lord George Beresford, who had held it forty years; and the Kilmore bishopric is conferred on Dr. Verschoyle, now Dean of Ferns.

The *Black Prince*, at her deep draught of water for sea service, has commenced, in the Portsmouth waters, her official trials of speed. In four runs on Tuesday, her mean speed was twelve miles and a fifth per hour, which is much less than the *Warrior's*, about fourteen miles and a third. The *Black Prince* draws a foot more forward, and had her safety-valves more loaded. By equalizing the steam-power and cleaning her bottom it is hoped she will prove as fast. The *Warrior* lies at Weymouth, and the mighty pair will promenade the Channel together.

The arrival of a cargo of yellow fever on board of an American steamer, which had run the blockade at Charleston, and come across from the Bahamas into our docks at Blackwall, has frightened the river-side Londoners this week. But it seems to have been a false alarm. It is true that eight persons died of yellow fever on the voyage across the Atlantic; and the vessel, by some laxity of our Custom House officials, evaded the quarantine regulations at Gravesend; but she is now examined and declared to be clean, her captain and owners having taken precautions to stop the spread of infection. An official inquiry has begun.

Murderers have been hung by sentence of the late assizes, Richard Burke at Clonmel, for poisoning his wife, and George Gardener at Warwick, for

shooting a poor girl, his fellow-servant, "because she would never draw me the proper quantity of beer, and that vexed me." This was his confession, to which he added that he had been "as fond of beer and as great a black-guard" as any man in the shire. He "tried his luck," before doing it, by throwing up the speed of his plough; if it had fallen flat he would not have killed her, but since it stuck point foremost in the soil, he left the field determined to do it. What a mind!

The report of a committee of the House of Lords recommends that official inspectors be appointed to prevent manufacturing chemists from poisoning men and plants with noxious vapours out of their tall chimneys.

The sheep small-pox in Wiltshire is not yet subdued, and there are fears of further contagion from the concourse of flocks at Weyhill and Wilton fairs.

The Great Exhibition is to close daily at six o'clock, instead of seven, henceforth. Country visitors had better look sharp. A party came up from Kent the other day, sat down as soon as they entered by the majolica fountain, and getting into talk forgot all time till the policeman told them it was the hour for closing. They went home without seeing a thing. Another rustic in this hot weather pleaded on coming out that he had seen nothing, because he was so busy wiping his face. The numbers have ranged this week between 50,000 and 60,000 a day.

Sir Walter Crofton, late Chief Director of Prisons in Ireland, has written to urge that the ticket-of-leave men be kept under police surveillance, and, like the *precettati* under the late Italian despotisms, obliged to report their habits, occupations, and residence from day to day.

An extraordinary cricket match has been played at Kennington Oval, between the All England and the Surrey Club. All England made 503 in their first innings, the largest score ever known; they kept in, with marvellous batting, two whole days.

A large building occupied by the carriage contractors to the Brighton Railway, at the New Cross Railway station, has been burnt, with valuable stock and tools.

Covent Garden has been re-opened by Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison for an English opera autumnal season.

The "midnight missions" among the wretched women of Coventry-street have made a statistical report of 138 saved, averaging twenty-two years of age. Of these, 26 have been restored to their families, 18 placed in service, 4 married, 2 emigrated, and 91 are undergoing probation in the "Homes."

The Bishop of Lichfield's secretary writes to say, that his lordship would be very glad to remove the Bilston parson who has robbed a savings bank, from his church living, but there is no legal process for doing it.

A returning English tourist from the Continent is disgusted with the London bread, after the delicate and wholesome loaves he has eaten at Paris and Vienna. He cannot stomach "a filthy compound of bones and alum, and beetles' limbs and dirty flour, secretly moistened with the steaming perspiration of hairy men in damp, hot dungeons underground." Apart from the woes of our journeymen bakers, he thinks the English have no taste.

MEN OF MARK.—No. LIV.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER.

CERTAINLY the Bishop of Exeter is in the right of it, when he forbids the Rev. Reginald Shute to print his private letters for the profit of a London bookselling firm. But he told the intending biographer that he could not object to any one compiling a narrative of his public career. "The Life, Times, and Writings of the Right Reverend Henry, by Divine Permission Lord Bishop of Exeter," was a title full of promise. It is the subject of our present sketch.

The Bell Inn at Gloucester is a comfortable old-fashioned house of entertainment, which has given birth to more than one successor of the Apostles, namely Whitfield, the famous Methodist preacher, and Henry of Exeter, the famous Tory pamphleteer. Archdeacon Philpott published a tract entitled "Reasons for Spitting on an Arian" in the reign of Edward VI. The filling of pots may be interpreted for the pouring out of cups of spiritual wormwood. The future Athanasius of the Gorham controversy, as yet an innocent though not a sinless babe, unconscious of baptismal regeneration, was born in an upper chamber of the "Bell," at Gloucester, in the year 1777. Henry Phillpotts was so diligent a boy at the College School of Gloucester that in his fourteenth year he was elected to a scholarship of Corpus Christi. He took his B.A. degree at the age of eighteen, and won the Chancellor's Prize for an essay "On the Influence of Religious Principle." The faculty of literary expression, thus early developed, was always so strong in him that, as we shall see in his polemical writings, it has very often run away with him and carried him astray. He has inscribed himself in the political and ecclesiastical discussions of England for two generations, with characters that can never be effaced, until all the phrases of vituperation are expunged from the English language, of which he is one of the greatest living masters. In this talent he is unsurpassed, and he was not the man "to starve upon a dog-eared Pentateuch," with a gift so likely to bring rapid preferment.

One anecdote of his college residence has been preserved, which betrays a tart humour still perceptible in his occasional repartees. Though little disposed to conviviality, he was persuaded to join a wine-party, where, after the student who sat next him had sung "Here's to thee, Tom Brown," young Mr. Phillpotts was reminded that it was his turn to contribute a story. "Well, then," he said, "if I must tell a story, it is that I should like to hear Mr. — sing another song." This jest, at least, was mild, and pleasanter than some of his later sayings. From Corpus Christi he passed as M.A. to Magdalene, was elected a fellow, gained the Asiatic Society's prize for a Latin panegyric on Sir William Jones, and with so much of academical distinction, left Oxford, and turned into that path of tutorship in a nobleman's family, which often leads to the greenest clerical pastures. Following his patron to Durham, he beheld the fatness of the land; the richest benefices abound in that carboniferous shire. He resigned his fellowship, when he got a living, to wed Miss Maria Surtees, niece to the wife of Lord Chancellor Eldon.

The Bishop of Durham was Dr. Shute Barrington, a large coal-owning and

consistently Protestant prelate, who combined with his showy pecuniary munificence an intense aggressive zeal against those who differed from his party and his creed. Those were the days of the Addington Ministry, when it was by assailing the Roman Catholics that a clerical politician might please the ruling powers. Mr. Phillpotts engrafted himself on the vehement prejudices of his diocesan, and, as the Bishop's domestic chaplain, threw in parasitical growth. The Bishop in his charge of 1806 made an attack upon the Papists, to which their historian, Dr. Lingard, replied, and Mr. Phillpotts wrote an answer to him, which the Bishop rewarded with a cathedral stall. Prebendary Phillpotts, now, incumbent of a parish in that city, he studied and served the times. In 1812 the Prince Regent reigned, and not the poor lunatic King; so that Lord Liverpool's Cabinet, though Sidmouth and Eldon were in it, might perhaps some day relinquish the insane policy that was before enjoined. Prebendary Phillpotts perceiving this, now appended to his declarations that the civil disabilities of Catholics ought never to be repealed, a saving clause of "unless" certain impossible securities could be provided for Church and State. He thus shaped an amendment at a meeting of the Durham clergy in that year; and he has since laid much stress upon it, as justifying his subsequent conduct, but we shall see what it was worth. His pen, meanwhile, was busy with other secular disputes. He became the slashing gladiator of the Tory party, lurking in his stall at Durham, ever ready to sally forth and stab a passing Whig. So he waxed great in the favour of Sidmouth and Eldon, who lacked a literary bravo in those days. The country was indignant in 1819, that they had made the Prince Regent thank a troop of yeomanry cavalry for riding down and killing unarmed Manchester people met for peaceable speech-making in St. Peter's-fields. A county meeting was held at Durham to protest against that inhuman outrage, and Mr. Lambton, the county member, spoke. This was a chance for Prebendary Phillpotts to propitiate not only Whitehall but Carlton House, by smiting a hopeful young member of the Opposition party. He quickly indited a pamphlet to accuse Mr. Lambton of wantonly tossing about the torch of sedition, and of contemplating "measures too atrocious to be particularized," because Mr. Lambton had warned the Government that it was dangerous to treat the people as they did. The clerical pamphleteer might still have waited awhile for his promotion, but he was unwittingly helped towards it by the notice he got in the *Edinburgh Review* on account of this affair. He got the rich living of Stanhope, worth nearly £5,000 a year, and went on writing for more. Earl Grey was the game he now presumed to aim at. Addressing that noble Reformer in his printed letters, on several political topics of the day, he invited the public censures which he coveted to give him wider notoriety as a partisan. "I am not ignorant," he said, "that I bring on myself the fury of all your adherents." Amongst these, with peculiar art, he defied "the political Reviewer," and "the miserable mercenary who eats the bread of prostitution, and panders to the low appetites of his readers." This elegant description was to comprehend every journalist who should find fault with his public conduct. Dr. Phillpotts (he became D.D. in 1821) soon again procured for himself the blame which he desired. Queen Caroline's trial was a dirty matter for a clergyman to meddle with, but he composed a dose of violent invective for all those who took part with that unfortunate woman. The *Edinburgh* a second time came down upon him, and Dr. Phillpotts leaped to meet the fray. In a "Letter to Francis Jeffrey, Esq., reputed Editor of that Review," he challenged Mr. Jeffrey to own "that degrading title," and to answer for "scurrility, vulgar ribaldry, fraudulent, wilful, and malignant calumny," touching himself. Dr. Phillpotts' name was now made; his pamphlets were no longer published at Durham, but in London, by Hatchard or Murray. He sometimes conferred with Lord Sidmouth, and with his uncle, Lord Eldon, on what was to be done; and, if we may believe his own statement, they already hinted that an Irish bishopric, or something of that sort, might reward his services to Church and King. But the ambitious rector of Stanhope had no mind to be shelved in Ireland like Dr. Jonathan Swift.

In those years, and until Canning's death in 1827, he wrote again and again, with still increasing violence, to denounce the proposal of Catholic Emancipation, to defame the statesmen who espoused it, and to revile Dr. Doyle in particular, as well as the Roman Catholic Bishops as a class, and their flocks. Against the long withheld, but still approaching measure of political equity, a certain faction in the Cabinet, under the auspices of the Duke of York, were then making a final desperate stand. From their hands Dr. Phillpotts received the Deanery of Chester for clamouring on their side. He denounced the Right Hon. George Canning as "an ally of demagogues and Jesuits, and a prime instigator of rebellion and insurrection." It is not many years since, in his letter to Sir Robert Inglis, the Bishop of Exeter took some pains to make it appear that he was prepared, all this while, to concede the relief of the Catholics on certain conditions. But after examining all his pamphlets and published correspondence on this question, it is evident that what he contended for so vociferously, till Peel and the Duke of Wellington, with the bishopric of Exeter to give him, decided him the other way, was exclusion practically hopeless and complete. The terms he insisted upon, when he wrote against Canning, were these,—that every Catholic, before taking the benefit of the Act, should subscribe a new Test Declaration to this effect:—"I do not believe the Church of England to be in such wise heretical that any of its members are, on that account, excluded from Christian salvation; and I do not believe it to be necessary to their salvation that the King and the English people, being Protestants, shall become in any way subject to the authority of the See of Rome." Dean Phillpotts could never have imagined for an instant that any Catholic could possibly make such a declaration. To have required it would have been just as bad as the existing test of denying the doctrine of transubstantiation. To propose it was merely a device for the purpose of setting in a more odious light the intolerance of their Church. The fact remains that the Dean of Chester, who, as late as 1828, wrote that George IV. must rather lay his head on the block than give his assent to Catholic Emancipation, was privily closeted with Ministers in 1829, went down to the Oxford University election, and supported Mr. Peel in favour of that very measure. He thus became Bishop of Exeter—and Rat. "H. B.," the caricaturist, drew a picture of that voracious animal with a mitre on its head.

The storm of ridicule and indignation, which this appointment raised, was such an ordeal as few other men could have borne, without sinking into the earth for shame. The Chapter of Exeter addressed the Crown, begging to

be allowed to elect a Bishop for themselves. The Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of London, warned the Duke of Wellington that to make Dr. Phillpotts a Bishop would be unpopular with the Church. Meanwhile, the thing was done, and the new Bishop was contriving how he might keep the rich benefice of Stanhope in commendam, along with his See at the other end of the kingdom. The parishioners of Stanhope would not have it. They petitioned and memorialized to get rid of him. By this time, November 1830, Earl Grey's Whig Ministry had come in. It was at once determined that the Bishop of Exeter must give up the rectory of Stanhope. His brother, Mr. Phillpotts, importuned the House of Commons for him in vain. Bishop Phillpotts never forgave any of the Whig statesmen for causing him this disappointment, nor did he forget to strike again at Bishop Blomfield, in the *mêlée* of parliamentary debate.

His speeches on the Reform Bill were such that Earl Grey, Earl Durham, Lord Goderich, and Lord Holland, had repeatedly to complain of their "personal rancour," their unfounded and "scandalous" insinuations. Those prelates who voted for the bill he accused of venal motives; the Bishop of London he accused of avarice and ambition. He accused the Ministers of the Crown of urging on the mob to rebellion; he accused Earl Durham of writing an anonymous newspaper article, in which the Constitution was called "that horrid old mockery of a free government." These accusations, promptly and scornfully repelled, made their utterer still more unpopular all through the country. Nor was there a different feeling in the diocese which he had just entered and in the parish he had just left. He was hissed in the streets of Exeter, and burnt in effigy at Stanhope.

Those three or four years of *Hansard*, during the Ministry of Earl Grey, show us the Bishop of Exeter in perpetual strife, till the Peers, amongst whom he pranced and tilted, were no longer scandalised, but were amused by his exhibitions. When Lord Melbourne became Prime Minister and leader of the House, he once, after such an escapade, turned round to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and begged leave to tell him a story. He did not say, "I should like to hear the right reverend prelate sing that song again." The story he told was this. A warlike Prince Bishop of the Middle Ages was defeated and captured by the Imperial troops. The Pope sent his legate to the Emperor to say, "Release my son." The secular monarch sent back to the Pope a suit of armour which the Bishop had worn in the battle; "and now," says Lord Melbourne, appealing to the Primate of the Church of England, "I ask you, as the Emperor then asked the Pope, 'Is this thy son's coat?'" The House laughed, if it can laugh, while the Archbishop smiled and shook his head; but the militant Bishop was undismayed. On every question such as tithes, Irish church temporalities, education in Ireland, Ecclesiastical Commission, Dissenters' exclusion from civil offices, Dissenters' marriages, and whatever might serve to foment religious animosities in the kingdom, not only was he the most pertinacious champion of injustice, but he invariably misrepresented and vilified those who sought its removal. He declared, in 1833, in the House of Lords, that "the Catholics generally, as well the clergy as the common people, had not the slightest regard to the obligations of an oath." In his triennial charge of 1836, he told the clergy of his diocese that the Catholic members of the House of Commons were guilty of "treachery and perjury." This language was complained of in the House as a breach of privilege; the Attorney-General, Sir J. Campbell, said he had thoughts of prosecuting the Bishop for the grossest libel he had ever known. Again, the Bishop spoke of recent acts of the legislature as "plunder and sacrilege" which had been committed "to gratify a perjured and perfidious faction." Lord John Russell, when candidate for South Devon in 1834, was obliged to go out of his way to notice the Bishop's flat contradiction, in the most uncourteous form, of a statement that Lord John had made, as to the communications which had really taken place between Ministers and the highest prelate on the bench. Lord Plunkett next had to complain of the Bishop for "an unfair, unauthorised, and irregular attack." The Earl of Radnor, on another occasion, lamented that he was in the habit of making "unfounded charges" against officers of the Crown. The Irish National Education Commissioners, at the instance of Lord Mulgrave, noticed in their third report some intolerable accusations he had brought against them. In a speech in Parliament, which he afterwards printed, he had said that the names of some clergymen appended to their former report were gross forgeries, and that they had stifled inquiry into the conduct of a schoolmaster who was, the Bishop said, guilty of sedition and treason. The clergymen avowed their signatures, and the schoolmaster was desired by the Commissioners to prosecute for this "slander" the author of the printed speech. But its publisher, Murray, shielded the Bishop by refusing to admit his authorship, though it was the same that he had spoken in the House. A Catholic Archbishop in Ireland, Dr. Murray, protested against "a foul calumny" from the same quarter. In 1838, Henry of Exeter was rebuked by two of his own episcopal brethren in the House of Lords. The Bishop of Norwich was "inexpressibly grieved at the harshness" of his language, at his want of "fairness and candour," while the Bishop of Derry regretted the "acrimonious and angry aspersions" he had cast about. The Bishop of London, in the same session, complained, on behalf of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, of "gross misrepresentations" in Exeter's speech against them. All this, and more, is to be found in *Hansard*; but leaving those parliamentary squabbles, we must look at his diocesan rule.

We are not here concerned with his merits as a divine. His theological censors complain that, having begun with the extreme Low Church, he leaped somehow to incredible heights of sacerdotalism. What men of the world will look at in the administration of a bishop, is the stewardship of his patronage, the exercise of his legal powers, his dealings with the emoluments of the clerical profession, his observance of the rights of private persons and property affected by his official acts.

The Bishop of Exeter has, of course, a number of livings in his gift. A number of other livings have come into his hands in such ways as this. The Bishop has no judicial cognizance of the patron's right of presentation, but he has the strictly ministerial duty of instituting the clergyman presented. Bishop Phillpotts, however, has been accustomed to demand an inspection of the title-deeds. This demand, which cannot lawfully be enforced, has been inadvertently complied with. The Bishop, no less than his secretary, Mr. Ralph Barnes, has a conveyancer's eye for any possible flaws. A patron who, after a reasonable delay, presses for the completion of the business, is blandly told there are some doubtful points to be considered. If he be a

wide-awake and fearless patron, he may apply to the Queen's Bench for a writ of *quare impedit* to compel institution. But more often he loiters and waits till six months from the vacancy run out. The presentation then falls to the Bishop by lapse. See the case of the rectory of Comb Pyne, tried by Chief Justice Tindal, in Trinity term, 1839. There, it seems, the patron's attorney first got notice that the Bishop would reject the presentation on the very day the lapse was complete. In the same year, 1837, the two livings of Brushford and Roborough lapsed by a slightly different operation. At Stockland-cum-Dalwood the presentation belongs to the land-owners in common. It was claimed by Mr. Cox, whose father had bought a majority of the freeholds. His election was disputed, the decision was delayed, the Bishop appointed Mr. Surtees, a nephew of his own wife. For Thorverton, which belongs to the Chapter in rotation, the presentee was rejected because the deanery of Exeter was then vacant; but Thorverton was given by the Bishop to Dr. Coleridge, in exchange for a Cornish living, to which the Bishop's son-in-law, and since then the Bishop's own son, were presented. Two or three other sons, and two or three other sons-in-law, have been quartered on good benefices of Devon and Cornwall. Four reverend Phillpotts hold four vicarages at this very day. Besides these, archdeaconries, chancellorships, prebends, subdeaneries, precentorships, and even mace-bearerships, have been distributed in the family. A stall in Exeter Cathedral, for which one of his sons was nominated and found to be disqualified, was bartered for Hollow-cum-Grimley, in Worcestershire; the Rev. J. W. Phillpotts taking the rectory, and its late incumbent the stall. "He that provideth not for his own household is worse than an infidel." The Bishop is a careful steward of the estates of his see. He detected an informality in the lease of the manor of Bishopslympton, and ejected the lessees at once. He claimed back the manor of Cargoll as soon as the lessees found in it a rich lead mine, for he said the Bishop could not lease away mines, but only land. He gained this Chancery suit, and, to do him justice, gave one-tenth of the profits to the Society for Additional Churches and the Curates' Aid Society. The windfall had made a noise. The Bishop is an amateur lawyer. If he met a judge at the dinner-table, he would relate the pleas in one of his pending cases, and ask a friendly opinion. The learned person thus consulted on one occasion, having listened to the allegation he proposed, said, "I don't think there's much in that." The Bishop, with a soft anxiety in the tone of his dulcimer voice, replied, "No; but don't you think it will hamper them?" He would have been worth any fee, for consultation as a special pleader.

The Bishop of Exeter also possesses some authority for clerical discipline. Yet his incessant litigations long renewed for many successive terms the unseemly spectacle of diocesan discords. Besides those more notorious prosecutions, clergymen were often proceeded against in his Chancellor's Court, or by special commissions under his hand; they were continually reprimanded or suspended for slight breaches of formal order, and for indifferent practices of local usage. Some said their Bishop was a tyrant, and others thought him a capricious martinet. Small parsons are mice to him; their frisking and squealing are stopped when they feel the claws under his velvet pat. One poor curate was very hardly punished for having allowed a parent to be sponsor for his child; another clergyman for dropping one of the repetitions of the Lord's Prayer; a third for having put a few flowers on the communion table in summer. The Bishop was very particular, and would not brook the most trivial departure from the liturgical letter. One Sunday, at Torquay, he sat with the worshipping congregation in a church where the Rev. E. Elliott officiated. That clergyman, in reading the Communion Service, ventured to soften the phrase "eat and drink their own damnation." He read it "condemnation," when a voice was heard to exclaim "Damnation!" startling all ears in the church. It was the voice of their Bishop, who would have the forcible undiluted word. In the winter of 1844, he suddenly ordered all the clergy to wear their surplices in the pulpit as they preached. Every one remembers what an alarming disturbance this caused. The people fancied it was a sign that Popery again prevailed in the Church. The parish vestries met and protested; the citizens of Exeter, convened by their mayor, petitioned her Majesty's Government to protect the Protestant faith. On Sundays the congregations walked out as soon as they saw the surpliced preacher up the pulpit stairs; one or two so-called "Puseyite" clergymen were mobbed. The leading members of the Cathedral Chapter took care to let it be known that, at a previous conference, they had remonstrated with their Bishop against his intended order. This led to a newspaper controversy, in which the Bishop himself, as is believed, writing under the name of "A Prebendary," encountered the Rev. Chancellor Martin and the Rev. Canon Bull. They broadly intimated that the anonymous writer was known. His writing had all the arts and graces of the Phillpottian style.

In three most famous cases, the Bishop's treatment of his clergy led him through protracted litigation to a mortifying defeat. There was the Rev. H. E. Head, of Feniton; the Rev. James Shore, of Totnes; and the Rev. G. C. Gorham, of Brampford Speke. In the first case, cruel violence and wrong was proved to have been done to a good and pious, though eccentric, man; in the second, a question of veracity was tried between the Bishop and one of the highest peers of the realm. In the third case, the supreme ecclesiastical tribunal negatived a doctrinal test which he sought to impose; whereupon the Bishop rushed to the verge of schism, and proclaimed open rebellion against the chief authority of his Church.

There were some awkward consequences of the Totnes case. "The Bishop knows enough, who knows a Duke." The Duke of Somerset certainly knows him. The late Duke, when his present Grace was Lord Seymour, had built a chapel. Mr. Shore, its minister, was not well liked by the Bishop, whose wishes he had opposed in an election by trustees for the Chudleigh vicarage, which involved a contest between the Bishop and Sir L. Palk. Between the Bishop and the rector of the parish, Mr. Shore was deprived of his licence. The Duke, approving of Mr. Shore, who was acceptable to his people, then registered the chapel as a meeting-house under the Toleration Act. Mr. Shore announced himself no longer a clergyman, but a Dissenting minister. He was thereupon prosecuted, as a clergyman by compulsion, for disobeying the Bishop's orders. He was mulcted in enormous costs, for which he was thrown into prison. Meanwhile, the Bishop in the House of Lords accused the Duke of Somerset of having violated an alleged promise to endow and convey that building for the Church. Lord Seymour, the present Duke,

went down to a public meeting at Totnes, and sternly declared that the Bishop had told "a deliberate falsehood." Mr. Thomas Latimer, proprietor and editor of the *Western Times*, published a report of this speech, with a short sarcastic comment. This article brought upon Mr. Latimer a criminal prosecution for libel. It was seasoned with rich humorous banter, but the gist of it was that the Bishop was "a notorious brawler," had made a statement "the very opposite of the truth," and stood branded as "a careless perverter of facts." The trial excited immense local interest, from the deserved popularity of the defendant as a Liberal journalist in that city. He pleaded a justification of the libel. The Bishop was himself put into the witness-box, and examined as to his transactions with the Duke of Somerset. Mr. Cockburn made an able speech for the defendant, and a special jury decided against the Bishop. The issue, be it observed, was whether the Bishop had spoken the truth or not. An amusing episode of this affair was the miscarriage of a copy of the *Western Times*, which the Bishop had sent by post to Lord Seymour, with a letter requesting him to say if the report of his speech was correct. The newspaper slipped out of its envelope, and what Lord Seymour received was a copy of the *Gloucester Journal*, with "Miss Biddle, Chelsea," written on its margin. He sent it back to the Bishop, who seriously believed that Lord Seymour had invented this exchange of papers to deride him. In his "Letter to Sir Robert Inglis," several years after, this trivial incident fills a voluminous appendix.

The Gorham case had much more important results. The Bishop of Exeter set up baptismal regeneration as necessary to be held by every clergyman in his diocese. He examined Mr. Gorham for eleven long days on this doctrine, and then refused him institution to his living. The lawyers and divines spent a vast amount of erudition and ingenuity upon the question. It was finally settled by the Judicial Committee that there was no bar to Mr. Gorham's institution. The Primate of England then performed that office which his suffragan refused. Bishop Phillpotts did what he had threatened he would do to Archbishop Sumner for this; he solemnly and deliberately excommunicated the Metropolitan of his Church. At the triennial visitation, in May, 1851, he astounded his assembled clergy, by declaring that he had renounced and cut off the Archbishop of Canterbury from catholic communion, as "a fautor of heretical tenets and guilty of the voluntary betrayal of his sacred trust." The Bishop had most solemnly sworn to pay "all due reverence and obedience" to his Archbishop. He kept this oath by chiding him in several fresh pamphlets, of which Lord John Russell said, "I think it is because the Archbishop is known to be a man of great mildness and Christian forbearance that such language is used against him." The Bishop, moreover, summoned what he called a diocesan synod, a packed assembly of delegates chosen by a minority of the clergy, to whom he proposed that they should pass resolutions declaring that the judicial act of the Queen's Privy Council was a denial of the Articles of the Church. He has since persisted in refusing institution to clergymen who hold the opinions of Mr. Gorham; thus contemning the law of the realm.

Other controversies might be quoted, such as that which he waged against the Crown appointment of Dr. Hampden to the Hereford bishopric, and his dispute with Archdeacon Sinclair, in which his style and tone smack ever of the Regency pamphleteer. With a pamphlet, he supported, against a sermon by the Dean, the auricular confessional of Mr. Prynne, who had bidden a young lady for penance to kneel down and lick out with her tongue a cross in the dust of the floor. But his "Life, Times, and Writings," have taken up enough of our space. At the age of eighty-five his mental vigour is unimpaired. He has never for the last twenty years resided in his cathedral city; its local charities lack the aid of his purse and presence. The palace was long shut up; he claimed for it, as an empty house, exemption from taxes and poor rates; a lonely donkey grazed in the episcopal garden. He dwells in his marine villa of Bishopstowe, in a chosen recess of the delicious shore of South Devon. His family are around him. The world has prospered with him. The Church has been a good thing for him. Though he has been one of the best-abused men of his time, he need not mind that, if he be quite sure that he has never abused others, and that his office has never been abused.

Reviews of Books.

PHILIP.*

"How do you like your novels?" asks the author of the "Roundabout Papers" in a recent *Cornhill*. "I like mine strong, 'hot with,' and no mistake; no love-making, no observations about society, little dialogue, except where the characters are bullying each other; plenty of fighting, and a villain in the cupboard, who is to suffer tortures just before the *Finis*." It is fortunate for Mr. Thackeray's reputation that there is a numerous audience content with a far less exciting performance:—Love-making, dialogue, and conversations about society form the staple material of his last, and, in some respects, most characteristic production. "Philip" is hardly more than a gigantic series of "Roundabout Papers," strung upon the slender thread of the biography of a young gentleman, who suffers no more exceptional a fate than to be ruined early in life, and who does nothing more heroic than condone the carelessness of a trustee, contract an indiscreet marriage, quarrel with various rich relations, and walk about in tattered boots, and with his baby in his arms in the Regent's-park. It is, in fact, the controversy of last year as to the feasibility of marriages upon an annual £300, thrown into a slightly dramatised form; and the various incidents of the play are always subsidiary to the chorus, which moralizes upon them, and enforces the truth which they are supposed to exemplify. Half the reviewer's task is superseded, for Mr. Thackeray criticizes himself as he goes along, mocks at what he considers the weak points of the narrative, and acknowledges that he is not unfrequently inexcusably garrulous. He constantly lays down his puppets, puts his hands in his pockets, and lounges upon the stage for a little familiar discussion as to the merits of the piece, the difficulties with which the actors have to contend, and the intellectual and moral infirmities of the

* The Adventures of Philip on his Way through the World; showing who robbed him, who helped him, and who passed him by. By W. M. Thackeray. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1862.

author. Even while the performance is going on, we hear the manager's voice behind the stage, now jeering at the sentiment, now quizzing some theatrical conventionality, and now, with an indolent melancholy, confessing that the representation is a poor one, or excusing the non-production of some necessary scene by the statement that it has often been acted before, and that the audience are perfectly able to imagine it for themselves. The disguise of each personage is a slight one, and, slight as it is, is constantly laid aside, and Mr. Thackeray's face peeps out behind the mask. Various pieces of literary negligence become thus not only excusable, but appropriate. If a coat of arms is to be described, the author suggests a piece of fancy heraldry, but bids the reader fancy any other that he chooses for himself: if a love scene is due, it is got over in a sentence or two, while the author claims merit for his disinterested brevity, and declares that the amorous passages are the easiest portions of his task: if characters are introduced which have already borne more than their fair share of toil in previous works, and whose remarks become a little monotonous, the fact is candidly admitted, and Mr. Thackeray is evidently as much bored with them as any one. Sometimes, he says, he has fallen asleep over Philip himself, and he trusts that his readers have had the same good fortune. A nice calm dose is a blessing, from whatever quarter it arrive. That a work composed in this fashion should be enduring, is owing partly to the real charm of Mr. Thackeray's style, to the constant vein of half pathetic fun which runs through everything he says, and partly to the degree in which the rising generation of Englishmen are familiar with his pen. Few writers, we imagine, are so universally known. Most young people get their first ideas of the actual society in which they are to live from "Vanity Fair" or "Arthur Pendennis." The sermonizing of Pen. and the pretty sentiment of Mrs. P., the sturdy philosophy of the unshaved Warrington, and the amusing worldliness of the Major, are pleasant to us, not only because they are good of their kind, but because we have been intimate with them for so long. They are part of the stock with which every boy peoples his first ideal world, the types under which he ranges his acquaintance. If Mr. Thackeray talks a little too much about them sometimes, he has earned a right to do so. If he writes *en robe de chambre*, calls for his slippers, gives a long yawn, and cries "*Vanitas, vanitatum!*" we look on with the patience and submission due to the man who has amused us so long, and who never, in his most careless moments, is otherwise than decorously and handsomely attired. The dressing-gown is of the finest silk, the slippers as smart as embroidery can make them, both are scrupulously clean. In other words, Mr. Thackeray's negligence is always artistically contrived, and though he confesses to being lazy, he is invariably delicate, dignified, and refined. He takes his ease, indeed, and grows loquacious and confidential, but it is with a gentlemanlike reserve, and a due consciousness that he is before the public eye. He is familiar, but he is never vulgar. The difficulty of the task is best shown by the failure of the servile crowd of imitators who follow in his steps; no sooner do they invite us to their studies than we begin to shrink from an unwelcome intimacy with what is foolish, coarse, or uninteresting. The author of "Barren Honour," for instance, intersperses his stories with the same sort of parenthetical moralizings as Mr. Thackeray; but here they are absolutely insufferable, because, in the first place, the moralizings are not near so clever, and in the next, because no ability could make it pleasant to be confidentially addressed by the sort of person which the author describes himself to be. The dressing-gown is shabby and unclean, the room is begrimed with filth, there is an odour of debauchery in the air, and a villain crouching behind the curtain. The religion, the classics, the fine feelings, the good society—are all alike suspicious, and we retreat as fast as may be from such questionable quarters. By Mr. Thackeray's easy chair, on the contrary, virgins and boys may linger unalarmed. People may differ as to the degree of interest his stories have for them, but all would probably admit, as they close his books, that they share in the sort of regret with which congenial travellers who have journeyed awhile in each other's company turn aside to their different destinations. There is something pathetic in the way in which he wishes his listeners farewell, and a natural melancholy, which not a few of them, it is certain, must thoroughly reciprocate. "My dear young people," he says, "who have kindly sat through the scenes during which our entertainment has lasted, be it known to you, that last chapter was the dark scene. Look to your cloaks, tie up your little throats, for I tell you, the great baize will soon fall down. Have I had any secrets from you all through the piece? I tell you the house will be empty, and you will be in the cold air. When the boxes have got their night-gowns on, and I have turned off the gas, I promise you I shall not be merry. Never mind; we can make jokes though we are ever so sad. We can jump head over heels, though I declare the pit is half emptied already and the last orange-woman has slunk away!"

But if speaker and hearers part thus on affectionate terms, it must, on the other hand, be admitted that Mr. Thackeray sometimes stretches his privilege of garrulity beyond the utmost bounds which custom or kindness can concede to him. "Ah," he says, in one place, "how wonderful ways and means are! When I think how this very line, this very word, which I am writing, represents money, I am lost in respectful astonishment. A man takes his own case as he says his own prayers on behalf of himself and his family. I am paid, we will say, at the rate of sixpence per line. With the words, 'Ah! how wonderful,' to the words, 'per line,' I can buy a loaf, a piece of butter, a jug of milk, a modicum of tea—actually enough to make a breakfast for the family," &c. This, if we may venture to say so, is Mr. Thackeray running very thin indeed, and results but too naturally from a state of the literary market such as he describes. If a man can get sixpence a line for saying "Ah! how wonderful ways and means are!" &c., and another sixpence a line for saying that he gets sixpence a line for saying so, bookwriting becomes evidently a most lucrative employment, and admits of being rendered indefinitely profitable. Whether, however, it can be worth a really considerable author's while to talk "twaddle" at any price, is a question which such sort of observations, sprinkled but too plentifully through "The Adventures of Philip," are calculated to suggest, and to which no one is better able than Mr. Thackeray to reply. Monster magazines and fabulous prices will, indeed, have inflicted an incalculable injury upon the national literature, if they accustom the public to great men's little performances, and entice our principal writers to descend in print to a lower order of facetiousness than they would probably consider endurable at their own firesides.

In other respects the story is vividly and pathetically told; the little nurse

with her secret wrongs and her passionate devotion,—the uncouth virtues of Philip,—the extravagant meanness and vulgarity of his mother-in-law,—the Pecksniffian villany of his father,—the unaffected adoration of his wife,—the polished turpitude of his worldly cousins,—all seem to glow upon the canvas with life-like reality, and remain in the memory like the figures and proceedings of actual acquaintance when the tale is done. It is to be hoped that "who paints mean people must himself be mean," is an aphorism which has no application in the world of letters, for there are several characters in the story so exceptionally detestable, that the author's fair fame might be seriously compromised by their creation. Some of the scenes have a sort of bold fun about them, and a sudden crowding-in of the characters upon the stage, that suggests the idea of their having been intended for a farce. The condition of irascible misery into which Charlotte's father is brought by the rupture of her engagement with Philip, his quarrel and intended duels with his friend and his brother-in-law, the comical altercation of the two sisters upstairs, the French landlady boldly espousing the cause of the affections, Charlotte dishevelled, frightened, and hysterical on the landing-place, and Philip dashing in at the right moment to receive her fainting form, and carry her off to her room in triumph—what more brilliant and varied a scene for a comedy could the most enterprising of theatrical managers wish to place upon his boards. Mr. Thackeray has, before now, turned a farce into a novel; why should he not, in these days of theatrical destitution, be charitable enough for once to reverse the process?

The moral of the story is the happiness of simple, manly, and dignified poverty, and the author's purpose is so far gained that he contrives to make Philip and his wife look extremely attractive, and to pull them respectably through all their emergencies. But lovers who are halting between the delights of matrimony and the terrors of a "bare cupboard," will probably be but little encouraged by the efforts and the successes of the hero of the tale. Mr. Thackeray himself gives his theory a faltering support throughout, and ignobly deserts it in the last chapter. He surrounds Philip with devoted friends, invests him with the sort of unconscious dignity that good birth confers, introduces him to literary employment, to parliamentary committees, and before the end of the tale lets him come into a fortune. A great uncle, of fabulous opulence had once given the hero a legacy, but in a moment of passion had sent for his will and drives homewards with it, intending to revoke it. He dies, however, on the journey, the document lies hid in the sword-box of the carriage, till years afterwards, on the occasion of an election, the carriage is overturned, the panel smashed in, the will discovered, and Philip becomes a wealthy man. These are just the things which never do happen to poor people in actual life; few have friends at all, still fewer have friends who are willing and able to lend them money; not one man in five hundred can earn more than a pittance by his pen; not one man in ten thousand has the chance of trying his luck in "the diggings" of a parliamentary committee. Philip's matrimonial troubles are all of the gentlest sort, and he is never without sympathy, consolation, and advice. The real results of improvident marriages are something very different. The clergy is the class of which we have most statistics, and the clergy afford, probably, a fair test of other professions. What the condition of the necessitous clergy is we pointed out a week or two ago, and with that before us we turn a deaf ear to the idyllic descriptions with which Mr. Thackeray endeavours to contravene the worldliness of his age. A hopeless life-long struggle, a torturing anxiety, an expiring courage, a gradual despair, misery to parents, and destitution to children, are too often the results brought about by young people whose romance gets the better of their prudence, and who, in defiance of their banker's book, resolve to be eternally happy. Such fortunate exceptions as that which Mr. Thackeray has so gracefully depicted, no doubt fall within the range of possibility, but they are much too rare to prove anything except that venturesome people are sometimes saved by a fortunate accident from the natural results of their imprudence.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LIFE OF COUNT CAVOUR.*

THE time for writing the life of Cavour is yet to come. While the space which he filled is still a void, and no successor has been found equal to bend his mighty bow—while the work of his hands still waits for the crown and consummation of his ceaseless toil—while the hopes and the fears, the love and the hate which he gathered around him still agitate mankind—it would be idle to anticipate for his deeds the dispassionate judgments of history. But now that the master-spirit of his generation is gone, never to return, and we may not hope to see his face and hear his voice, those whose privilege it is to have known him will earn our gratitude by furnishing us with authentic materials to fill up the outline of the vanished figure; and therefore M. De la Rive's "Reminiscences" will be eagerly read by all who hold in honour the memory of the great Italian statesman. In these days, when the breath is scarce out of a man's body before some busy relative ransacks his desk, reads the sacred secrets of his letters and publishes them to an inquisitive world, it is a rare pleasure to read notes of a dead man's familiar talk, and extracts from his letters, in which those that loved him best could not desire one word kept back. That Count Cavour's family have given their sanction to the publication of these "Reminiscences," is clear from the fact that the last chapter, containing a simple and touching narrative of his last illness and death, is written by his favourite niece, the Countess Alfieri. The task which M. De la Rive has performed with so much delicacy, taste, and feeling, is one for which he is evidently well fitted. His style and the tone of his remarks assure us that he is a man of a thoughtful and cultivated mind; and he was a relative and intimate friend of Cavour. "With the exception, perhaps" (as we are told by the translator of these "Reminiscences"), "of one or two members of his own family, there were no persons with whom Cavour was upon such familiar and confidential terms, from the earliest to the latest period of his life, as the members of the De la Rive family. It was at their country-house near Geneva that he was in the habit of spending days and weeks together, when he could escape from his arduous labours, and was in want of rest." Thither it was that he used in early manhood to flee from the priest-ridden society of Turin, which was then, in his own bitter words, "a kind of intellectual hell; that is to say, a country where intelligence and

* Reminiscences of the Life and Character of Count Cavour. By W. De la Rive; translated by Edward Romilly. Longmans.

science are looked upon as inventions of the devil by those who condescend to govern us; and there, in the free atmosphere of a Swiss country-house, he took a "bain de vie." To these same doors he walked with his coat off, weary, thirsty, and dejected, on a sultry afternoon of August 1859, while still staggering from what seemed the ruin of all his hopes at Villafranca; and there again his sanguine spirit recovered its elastic energy, and his scheming brain turned to weave a new web. "We must not look back," he used to say to his friends, "but forwards. We have been following a path which has been cut short; well, we have only to follow another. It will take twenty years to do what might have been accomplished in a few months. We cannot help it. Besides, England has as yet done nothing for Italy. It is her turn now. I shall look after Naples. I shall be accused of being a revolutionist; but, above all, we must march forward, and we shall march forward."

Though M. De la Rive's "Reminiscences" make no pretention to being anything like a systematic life of Cavour, there is many a lesson to be learnt from them, for they cast a strong light on the training and culture of a marvellously gifted nature. They show how this nature thrived in an uncongenial atmosphere, gathering strength from every hindrance to its growth; and how the merest dross will turn to gold in the crucible of a great intellect. They teach the old lesson that the highest genius is content to plod on in repulsive toil with far more than the industry of patient stupidity; and they teach (what many will never believe), that men of iron will, who shrink not from shedding much blood to secure the triumph of a sacred cause, may be simple, generous, and kind, and may be, what is more, the best and truest lovers of their fellow-creatures. But M. De la Rive is too wise a man to spoil his book with an obviously didactic purpose. His object, he says, "is to describe Count de Cavour such as he appeared to me, such as I have known, admired, and loved him." In another place he says, "to me he was simply the most entertaining man I knew;" and then he adds:—

"Now that the figure of Cavour rises up before me in all the imposing severity of historical grandeur, I find some difficulty in recalling my impressions, the simple and narrow impressions of a child, and in distinguishing them from those by which they were succeeded. I find it difficult to recognize my dear old talker of clever nonsense, the friend who shared, as I thought, in all my tastes, who partook of my dislike for hard work, and serious books, and serious subjects, and for everything which ran counter to that spirit of gaiety of which he was in my eyes the most brilliant personification."

It very rarely happens that a great man has not the power of winning the deep and lasting attachment of those who come within the inner circles of his life; and this power Cavour seems to have possessed in the highest degree. When, in the month of June last year, all Italy was mourning for the statesman that had "made" her, the peasants of Leri mourned him first as the best of practical farmers and the kindest of masters. His official subordinates would toil for him as they would for no other chief; and what he was to his friends, M. De la Rive testifies. "The basis of Cavour's character," he says, "was inexhaustible joyousness;" and that universal sympathy, which is seldom separated from first-rate genius, was a part of his simple and healthy temperament. He never for a moment knew *ennui*. "Bored!" he exclaimed, "I am never bored! My receipt is a simple one—I persuade myself that no one is a bore." The same vein of good-humoured irony which lighted up his firm-set lips with the singular smile familiar to us in his photographs, tinged the current of his epigrammatic conversation. Irony, probably was with him, what it often is, the mask under which a reserved nature hides its deepest thoughts and feelings. The giants among men are in general as lonely as the mountain-tops; and very few ever penetrated to the recesses of Cavour's being. Yet it was easy to gain his friendship up to a certain point. To be frank and open was his rule, both in private and in public life.

"Via recta, via recta," he once said to M. de la Rive, "that motto was taught me by one of our best diplomatists; it is the true one, and I hold to it." And on another occasion he said to his secretary, "I am far less artful than they please to say. I walk on the high-road, and they think I go by byeways. I say openly what I think, and they ascribe to me all kinds of subterfuges and falsehoods." His charity—which even the clerical party admit—was as secret and unostentatious as it was boundless in proportion to his means. His purse was always open to the needy, and his bitterest foes, when in misfortune, have received assistance from his hand while they knew it not. Cavour—unlike many inferior men who were once his political rivals, —was not a good hater. He had an old dislike for Charles Albert, whose weak, vacillating, and priest-ridden mind was the antipodes of his own; and he bore through life an implacable hatred for Marshal Haynau. But he readily forgave the heaviest of his own personal wrongs. In his last illness he said of the Garibaldi who had a few days before said many bitter things against him, "He is an honest man. I wish him no evil. His desire is to go to Rome or Venice, and so is mine; no one is in a greater hurry than we are." In the same broad and patriotic spirit he gave his energetic support in a newspaper which he then edited to the Ministry of Gioberti, who had driven him from his seat in the Chamber of Deputies; and it is related that Gioberti, on the evening of his fall from power, came to him and said with much emotion, "I was well aware that I could rely on you." So when Cavour lay on his death-bed he was able to say, "I wish it to be known, I wish the good people of Turin to know, that I die a good Christian. My mind is at ease. I have never done harm to any one."

Full of interest are those passages in M. de la Rive's book which give us glimpses of Cavour's education. Though his mother has left it on record that his sighs were "perfectly heart-rending" when he was learning to read, his rare abilities were recognized in his youth. Like William Pitt, for whom he had a great admiration, the young Cavour was very acute and ready in solving mathematical problems. In after-life he felt that he owed much to his mathematical studies; and he used to attribute to his early habit of solving problems in his head the lucid continuity of reasoning which marked his speeches. But he always regretted the one-sidedness of his education; and when he had undertaken in 1843 to write an article for the "Bibliothèque Universelle," of which M. de la Rive's father was the editor, he said in a letter:—

"I admit openly, I do not feel capable of expressing agreeably all that is in my mind. From want of practice, if not from want of ability, I find great diffi-

culty in arranging my ideas in a fit shape to appear before the public. In my youthful days I was never taught how to write. I have never in my life had any master of rhetoric or even of classics, and it will not be without the greatest apprehension that I shall venture to send you a MS. intended for publication. It was too late in life that I became aware how important it is to make literary studies the groundwork of all intellectual education. The arts of speaking and of writing well require a degree of nicety and adaptability of particular organs, which can only be acquired by practice in youth. Make your son write, make him compose, so that after his mind has become a storehouse of ideas, he may know how to handle with facility the only instrument which can give them circulation—I mean the pen."

Notwithstanding these disadvantages, Cavour was an able writer. He wrote only for reviews and the newspaper of which he was for some time editor; but in all his articles there shone through a very plain and unadorned style the native vigour of his mind and his perfect mastery of the subject. He was a great reader of English and French literature. When thirty years of age he used to rise at five in the morning to learn our language, by studying Lord Mahon's "History of England;" and on his memorable journey to Plombières, in 1858, he took with him Buckle's "History of Civilization." Busy as he then was he read it through, from beginning to end, and said that, had he not been in office, he would have written an article upon it. More extraordinary even than his abilities was Cavour's power of work. No man in modern times, with the single exception, perhaps, of Napoleon, has performed such prodigies of labour. He was forty years old when he first came into office, and death overtook him at the early age of fifty-one. Yet in those eleven years he presided over every State department excepting that of justice; and it is now scarcely possible to move a yard in his native land without finding a monument of his administration. Railways, harbours, canals, hospitals, and educational institutions, all are the witnesses of his ceaseless care to promote the progress and well-being of his countrymen. Assisted by La Marmora, he brought the Sardinian army to that efficient condition in which it went to the Crimea; and he may be said to have himself created the Sardinian navy. In short, he raised a third-rate state, broken and crippled by a disastrous campaign, to a power of the first magnitude. There were, however, things which this versatile and laborious genius could not do. "I have never been able," he once wrote, "to invent the simplest tale to amuse my nephew, although I have tried very often." And it was easier to him "to make Italy than to make a sonnet."

It is said by Macaulay, in his essay on Lord Chatham, that the greatness of that statesman was not "a complete and well-proportioned greatness." "The public life," he adds, "of Hampden or of Somers resembles a regular drama, which can be criticised as a whole, and every scene of which is to be viewed in connection with the main action." There never was a statesman of whom this might more truly be said than of Cavour. There was as perfect a unity in his political career as there is in the "Iliad" or in "Hamlet." So long ago as 1833, while he was still on the threshold of manhood, he made, in a letter to a friend, the following profession of his political faith:—

"At length, after numerous and violent agitations and oscillations, I have ended by fixing myself, like the pendulum of a clock, in the *juste-milieu*. Accordingly, I inform you that I am an honest member of the *juste-milieu*; eager for social progress and working at it with all my strength, but determined not to purchase it at the cost of political and social submission. My state of *juste-milieu*-ism, however, will not prevent me from wishing to see Italy emancipated as speedily as possible from the barbarians who oppress her, and from foreseeing that a somewhat violent crisis is inevitable. But I wish this crisis to be brought about with as much prudence as the state of things will permit; and I am, besides, ultra-persuaded that the frantic attempts of the movement-party only retard it and increase its risks."

In these few words, to which Garibaldi's perilous enterprise now gives additional interest, is contained the basis of Cavour's policy. From these principles he never swerved; and for them he bore much ill-repute and obloquy, the alienation of friendships, and the temporary loss of political influence. He was for some time the most unpopular politician in Piedmont. His aristocratic birth made him an object of suspicion to the Republican party; and at a time when his own order feared and distrusted him for his liberal opinions, he was spoken of by Valerio as "My Lord Camillo—the greatest reactionist in the kingdom; the greatest enemy of the revolution; an Anglo-mane of the purest breed." But political parties and enmities were nothing to Cavour. He had made up his mind that the *juste-milieu* alone could make Italy—the aim and purpose of his life; and he never for a moment faltered in his chosen path. Yet he was no doctrinaire statesman or political fanatic, moving in one narrow groove of means and measures. With the practical sense of genius, he made the best of the circumstances of the hour; and nothing was more remarkable in his career than the daring and skill with which he drew advantage from unexpected turns of fortune. The fixity of his purpose was equalled only by the variety of his resources. "The salvation of the country," he said, "ought alone to guide the statesman even in the choice of the means by which that salvation is to be accomplished." But the one grand instrument with which he resolved to regenerate Italy was liberty—civil and religious liberty. He was the first to demand a constitution in 1848; the present electoral law of Piedmont was drawn up according to his suggestions; and from his youth upwards he was the eager advocate of free trade. Even the corruption of Naples could not daunt him. "We will have no state of siege," he cried on his death-bed, "none of the measures of absolute governments. Any one can govern a country in a state of siege. I will govern them with liberty, and I will show what ten years of liberty can do for that beautiful country." And the last words that he uttered, as he pressed the hand that administered the extreme unction, were—"Frate, libera chiesa in libero stato."

Cavour's estimate of William Pitt is so true of himself in every word that we cannot resist quoting it here:—

"He possessed," Cavour said, "all the enlightenment of the times in which he lived: he was not the friend of despotism or the champion of intolerance. With a powerful and comprehensive mind, he loved power as a means, not as an end. He was not one of those men who desire to reconstruct society from top to bottom by the help of general ideas and humanitarian theories. Devoid of prejudice, he was animated solely by the love of his country and the love of glory."

A TOUR IN NORTH INDIA.*

THE same spirit of adventure which year by year drives an invading horde of English pedestrians into every valley, and up every mountain, and across every pass, all over the Continent, appears to pursue our countrymen into regions traditionally consecrated to indolence and repose. Neither the lassitude engendered by an Indian sky, nor the self-contemplative inactivity of the disciples of Buddha, nor the luxurious indolence of an Eastern capital, can tempt them to forget the rude delights of their youth, and to lay aside the habits and tastes which they formed on a Cumberland hill-side, among the gorges of a Scotch deer forest, or the treacherous crevasses of some Alpine glacier. And if mountaineering supplies a want in the European constitution, and sends hard-worked men back to their tasks with freshened energies and firmer nerves, it must, of course, be invaluable to those who have been ascertaining by personal experience at Calcutta the precise degree of caloric compatible with prolonged existence. Indian climate will probably lose half its terrors when the railroads, now so rapidly spreading across the country, enable the victim of a too oppressive sun to reach in a few hours, and at an insignificant expense, a region of eternal snow, and to brace up his flagging powers by the keen breezes which rattle so fiercely through the defiles of the Himalayas. The present volume gives an agreeable specimen of the variety of climate, population, and adventure, which an Indian three months' holiday brings within the reach of a vigorous excursionist. To the north-east of the Punjab lies a vast tract of country, traversed in every direction by great mountain ranges, among which the various Punjab rivers take their rise. These are the Himalayan Highlands, and here the Indus, the Chenab, and the Sutluj may be traced to their fountain heads. The traveller in this region may accordingly expect to encounter all the pleasant vicissitudes, and to be called upon for the healthy exertions, which give mountain life its especial charm and value. He will have to clamber up long ascents, too rough for any foot but that of the practised hill pony, or the still nimbler sheep; he will be swung across rivers by a rope stretched from one crag to another, or be floated on an air-tight buffalo hide, or clamber with tottering steps and dizzy head along a frail lattice-work of birch-wood. Or he will have to trudge on hour after hour while a deluge of rain seems to wash the very ground from beneath his feet, or the newly-fallen snow clogs every step he takes, or to bivouac beside a roaring camp fire, while an icy wind is whistling down from the glaciers overhead, forcing its way through plaid and wrapper, and keeping the night atmosphere a good many degrees below freezing-point. Next, he may start off for a hunting excursion, and find bears, wild horses, ibex, mountain pheasants, and a host of other animals ready to his hand to be slain or taken. Anon he will descend to the plain, plunge with an energy heightened by his recent exertions into the Sybaritic pleasures of the Vale of Kashmir, and realize in actual existence the scenes of languid enjoyment idealized by the genius of Moore. Every pass which he crosses will introduce him to fresh races, new domestic customs, strange religious rites. Here he will find a Buddhist monastery, with inscriptions to Buddha carved in the rock; here a Hindoo Faqueer, with matted hair and limbs besmeared with ashes; here his guide will assume the green head-dress of Mahometanism, and inform him that he has come among the children of the prophet. Everywhere he will have change, adventure, and interest; and unless he be far less fortunate than the tourists whose exploits the present volume chronicles, he will come home in nowise disposed to regret the exchange of three months' baking in Calcutta for the varied excitements of "Ghoolab Singh's dominions."

Lieutenant-colonel Torrens and his companions made their start from Simla, due west of the Punjab and a few miles south of the River Sutluj. From thence due north to Le, a town just across the Himalayas, and the capital of Ladak, the principal north-east province of Ghoolab Singh's dominions; here they were to turn to the west, and make their way to Sreenugger, the capital of Kashmir, and thence in a south-easterly direction to travel home to Simla. Their journey thus made a circuit of about a thousand miles, and embraced all the most striking contrasts of landscape, from the high table-lands of Thibetan Tartary to the verdant valley of Kashmir, or the less pretentious charms of the Lower Himalaya. The party consisted of Lord William Hay, whom the author, for some purpose best known to himself, describes throughout the volume as "the official friend"—Major Fiennes, of the 7th Hussars; Captain Clarke, who was provided with a photographing apparatus, and appears to have turned it to the best account; and two young riflemen. They started in the middle of July, when the rainy season was at its height, and as they approached the valley of the Sutluj they found the mountain sides shrouded with dense volumes of mist, and "old Huttoo, a pine-clad giant of some twelve thousand feet high," only at rare intervals disclosing his gloomy crest amid the wreaths of vapour which swept around him. Here they discovered an English tea-planter, very hospitably inclined, and very sanguine as to the results of his attempt at colonization. They crossed the river by a curious wooden bridge, of which the parapet had been stolen, and which creaked and trembled ominously as they went. Traversing a picturesque but fever-haunted valley, they soon began to climb, and, abandoning all considerations of dignity, were glad enough to cling on to the tails of their ponies, which clambered up the craggy path far more nimbly than their masters. Another day or two gave them a drenching rain, in which shooting or marching became alike impossible, and afterwards a gale of wind which rocked the long branches of the stately diodora, and extemporized at every fresh blast a rude shower-bath for the too-confiding refugee who had fled to her for protection. The drenched excursionists crept into an empty house, lit a huge fire, and proceeded to dry themselves as best they might. "There we stood, steaming, dripping, round the crackling flames; there was no chimney, and the wood-smoke gracefully accomplished its exit through the open door, mingling with the bluer, purer, curling waves that rose from our cheroots, circling round and round, till an eddy from the leaky roof caught and turned it reeling out into the wet. How good those cheroots were!" Presently appeared a servant with a twinkle in his eye, and a huge black bottle under his coat, which the apprehensions of the party put down as some photographic acid. All alarms, however, were speedily dispersed. "Would your honour like some whiskey, sar," he exclaims, and the shout of exultation in which the affirmative is expressed

* Travels in Ladak, Tartary, and Kashmir. By Lieutenant-Colonel Torrens. Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1862.

rings through the crazy shed and startles the shivering Hindoos outside." The travellers next crossed the shoulder of the Jilauri mountain, and had to force their way along a path, cut with uncompromising directness up the steep ascent, and enjoyed the benefit of a vigorous torrent, which was raging downwards from the summit, carrying with it a quantity of loose debris, and rendering a firm foot-hold an impossible luxury. At the summit, however, a strange wild scene rewarded their exertions. "To the left stretched away the ridge by which they had mounted, blackly frowning through the thick clouds which wreathed the Jilauri's front. Below you sweep weird masses of gray vapour, fleeing before the conquering wind, that ever and anon, with a sudden blast, rends them to tatters; and peering through their scattered shreds, down beneath you, lo! it is bright sunshine, and green crops ripen, and flat-roofed hamlets nestle snug in the genial warmth, unconscious of the mighty strife that rages so far above them." A few days more brought the party to the Valley of Sultanpoor, the capital of Kulu, and an emissary was despatched to the Assistant Commissioner to present compliments and petition for supplies. He soon came back in triumph on a borrowed pony, followed by two slaves staggering under the weight of creature comforts, and all pushed forward in high spirits for the labour next awaiting them, the Rotang Pass. Everything here is lovely, and the Beas River the main feature of the landscape. Cultivation is carried up the steep sides of the valley by a series of stone terraces, and when this becomes impossible, vast flocks are sent to browse; while at intervals of a few miles there recur neat little villages surrounded with orchards of apricot, peach, or walnut. Near here were some sacred streams, in which the Hindoos bathed, and a dirty deity of red cloth, feathers, and old cows'-tails, was paraded in state for the edification of the travellers. Far above them loomed the Rotang Pass, little of it visible through the clouds, and that little "cold, wet, dreary, and inhospitable." The next day, however, belied their fears, and all arrived safely at the summit; a rough causeway had been contrived by a monk of the country, and near this was a sacred spot where, after a great deal of prayer and profane offerings,—flower, sugar, and ghee,—the *genius loci* was induced to appear in the shape of a little serpent, which wriggled about in the sunshine, and inspired its adorers with the most profound satisfaction. These serpents, so runs the legend, are the outposts stationed by the gods in their flight from the victorious Rakis, the Titans of India; and the fossils which strew the lower ranges of the Himalaya are the bones of the monstrous combatants who perished in the fray. The next river to be crossed was the Chandra, which, after its junction with another stream, assumes the more familiar title of Chenab. Its chief importance is that it acts as an effectual barrier to the stream of merchandize that flows from China to the cities of the Punjab and Central India. A frail wicker bridge is the only way of crossing it, and the heavy loads of wool, which would otherwise come direct to Umrtsar and Loodiana, are either obliged to be smuggled across the Chinese frontier, or are driven into Kashmir, where their price becomes greatly enhanced by the heavy imposts exacted by the Maharajah. Lieut.-Colonel Torrens urges that one of the earliest undertakings of the Indian Government should be to afford a free passage to traffic at this point of its dominions.

Another pass, the Tung-Lung, 17,000 feet high, and covered with newly fallen snow, brought the party to Ghyia. Outside the town rises an abrupt pinnacle of rocks, and on the top of the pinnacle stands a Buddhist monastery. Everything wore a religious air; long walls of stone ran in this direction and that, bearing the mystic sentence, "Oh, the Jewel in the Lotus. Amen." Sacred tomb-houses contained the ashes of departed magnates; while in the main street of the village itself, in the midst of a tribe of coolies, raggedest and dirtiest of all, half-a-dozen red-robed "Lamahs" were engaged in a squabble. Some of them, however, were induced to abandon their proper functions for that of a porter, and as they gladly carried a heavy portmanteau fifteen miles for the scanty reward of a threepenny piece, the travellers justly determined that theology at Ghyia was at any rate not a remunerative profession.

Our limits forbid us to follow Lieut.-Col. Torrens through the rest of his wanderings: the journey to Le, his resting-time in Kashmir, his visits to the Isle of Chunar and the famous Shalimar-gardens, and the homeward journey from Sreenugger, are all simply and amusingly described. Whatever may have been the other deficiencies of the party, it was evidently well supplied with animal spirits, love of adventure, and that resolution to turn everything to the best account which is the grand secret of an entertaining tour. Each of the travellers seems to have returned thoroughly content with himself, his companion, and the scenes through which he had passed; and it would be ungrateful not to observe that both the photographer and the draughtsman were busily employed, and that the volume abounds in sketches, which agreeably supplement the author's descriptions, and in some instances attain to a really high level of artistic excellence.

OUR NATIONAL MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.*

THE fate which met the Bill "for enabling the Trustees of the British Museum to remove Parts of their Collections to South Kensington," in the last session of Parliament, will not have escaped the recollection of our readers. The Ministerial measure was obviously framed so as to run counter to everybody's sentiments in general, and to Mr. Gregory's in particular. In the first place, the very name of Kensington is enough to awaken the suspicions of a large party in the House of Commons, and to lead them to imagine that some additional job is about to be perpetrated for the benefit of those that reside in that favoured locality. Then the Trustees of the British Museum, though some of that august body actually spoke and voted for the second reading of the bill, preferred, naturally enough, to let things remain as they were. No one enjoys the operation of having a tooth extracted, though the dentist may assure him it is absolutely necessary to remove it in order to make room for those that remain. Likewise, the enemies of the Trustees, who are certainly more numerous in the House of Commons than their friends, disapproved of the unfortunate measure, because it involved the continuance of the sway of this odious oligarchy over the proposed institution at South Kensington, instead of placing the new museum under a more simple and more reasonable form of government. But, worst of all,

* On the Extent and Aims of a National Museum of Natural History. By Professor Owen, F.R.S. London. 1862.

the Commons were seized with an economical fit just at the moment when the bill came on for a second reading, and, having voted millions without compunction throughout the session in aid of army and navy, and such things as in the eyes of the philosopher are most calculated to destroy the liberty and arrest the progress of mankind, naturally enough grudged the few thousands that were required for the benefit of science and the advancement of human knowledge. Mr. Gregory was, of course, delighted to take advantage of this concurrence of adverse opinions, and to obtain the rejection of a scheme which had been skilfully prepared to do exactly what his select committee in 1861 had recommended should *not* be done.

Although we may lament the illiberal temper of the House of Commons on this occasion, and the want of consideration shown towards the requirements of one of our most eminent men of science, speaking on behalf of himself and his fellow-workers, the event can hardly have surprised anybody. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, who brought forward the scheme in a sort of mechanical way, made no attempt to reply to the very serious criticisms urged against it on all sides, and obviously courted its rejection. The Opposition were not likely to forego so excellent an opportunity of giving the Ministers a slap on the face, and assisted the economists in the administration of this rebuke with the greatest satisfaction. No sufficient explanation was ever given of the reasons that induced Professor Owen to claim for the natural history collections the large space which necessitated their removal from their present situation, and the demand for "five acres" did at first sight appear rather preposterous. Professor Owen had in reality already put his requirements before the public in a discourse "On the Extent and Aims of a National Museum of Natural History," delivered before the Royal Institution in April last. But as members of Parliament are not bound to attend the Friday-evening lectures delivered in Albemarle-street, they could not be expected to be acquainted with all that Professor Owen had to say on the subject, and Mr. Gladstone, when he brought forward the scheme, did not take much trouble to enlighten them. Our legislators, however, have no further excuse for ignorance on these matters. Professor Owen has now published his discourse delivered on the occasion above mentioned. It is printed in legible type, and is accompanied by plans and additional particulars, which render his wants readily understandable even by those who take no interest in, and possess no knowledge of, the subjects on which he speaks. "Let Mr. Owen," said the leading journal in its comments on the "Museum Debate," "describe exactly the kind of building that will answer his purpose—that will give space for his whales and light for his humming-birds and butterflies. The House of Commons will hardly, for very shame, give a well-digested scheme so rude a reception as it did to that on Monday night." Professor Owen has now fully complied with the demand thus put forward by the *Times* on the part of the public. His "National Museum" first goes at full length into the question as to what the contents of our National Museum of Natural History ought to be. The conclusion is that, due regard being paid to the probable accession to the present collections during the next thirty years, "it appears that a Museum of Natural History, embracing all the objects of science, from Man to the mineral, and affording to each class exhibition room for the specimens selected to show the extent of the class and the kind and degree of the variations therein, would require a building which, if of two stories, would ultimately cover *five acres* of ground." Certain well-known scientific authorities, in opposition to what is here put forward, consider that much space might be saved in a National Museum by exhibiting only the *types*, or more prominent forms of each genus or family of natural objects, and by keeping the rest in boxes or cupboards for the examination only of the student or man of science. That some economy of space might be effected in this way must be fully admitted; but when we come to whales and elephants and the larger animals, which are those that so much augment the required space, it seems that little would be gained by such a form of procedure. And it would be certainly more handy to examine a rhinoceros set up and properly stuffed, than his skin rolled up in a drawer and his members stowed away in pieces in divers cupboards. At any rate, we are disposed to think that Professor Owen, who has fully gone into this part of the question, has quite made out his case in respect of the larger mammals, which take up most room. Whether it would be proper to expose to the light and to the gaze of the public all the examples of all the 150,000 species of articulate animals now known to exist is a different question, and one which, as we believe, Professor Owen would probably agree with his opponents in answering in the negative. Be this as it may, the method pursued in this case would have *comparatively* but little bearing on the amount of space required in the National Museum; and we must acknowledge that, considering the position of the nation as the leader of the civilized world, and the enormous sums lavished by the country upon other institutions, Professor Owen has fully established his claims for an adequate Museum of Natural History, and for *five acres* of ground to build it upon.

Having determined, therefore, the size of the building required for our new National Museum, we have next to find out what is the most convenient situation for it. In doing this, however, space, according to Professor Owen, is the first requisite, and all other consideration must be subservient to it.

"The locality of the new museum," he remarks, in treating of this part of the subject, "has been made a party question, and my name has been cited, both in and out of the House, as an advocate for or against this or that particular position. I never gave any grounds for such averments, having always considered sufficiency of space as paramount to any consideration of particular metropolitan position. But I have opposed, in every legitimate way, those who would sacrifice the advantages of space, even of the proportion most pressing called for, to a continuance of the collections in the present building."

After space, Professor Owen adduces the following considerations as principally to be looked to in determining the position of the National Museum, arranging them in what he considers to be their order of value—"convenient access," "contiguity to the National Library," "administrative convenience," "cost of site," and, finally, "light and clean air." In discussing these different considerations, and giving the pros and cons. under each head, with reference to Bloomsbury and Kensington, he shows clearly enough that either situation may be adapted for the purpose, provided only that the requisite space be found. At Bloomsbury, a convenient plot of ground, which, for greater economy, Professor Owen maintains, should be of an oblong shape,

and measure "about 1,000 feet in length, and not less than 160 feet in depth," might be obtained by buying up the houses fronting Charlotte-street and Bedford-square, and lying between them and the present museum. This plot would be terminated at the south-end by Great Russell-street, and at the north-end by Montague-place. In South Kensington an equally, if not more advantageous situation might be obtained in the space lying between Albert-road and the Horticultural Society's Gardens, which is at the present moment occupied by the western "annex" to the International Exhibition. Professor Owen's plans are adapted for either of these localities. In some respects Bloomsbury is superior, in others Kensington bears off the palm. Professor Owen will be quite satisfied with either of these situations, whichever the House of Commons may choose to grant, but he must have one of them, or equal space in some other locality. It is quite impossible, as he fully demonstrates, that the natural history collections can be left where they now are, mixed up with the art-collections and the national library. To prove this it is only necessary to refer to the Blue-book printed in 1858, which contains the communications by the officers and architect of the British Museum on the want of space. If unconvinced by Dr. Gray's clamorous applications for "more space," and his assurance that "scarcely half the zoological collections are exhibited to the public," let the unbeliever take a walk through the galleries, and pay a visit to the store-rooms, and he will quickly become a convert to Professor Owen's views on this subject. In fact, even Mr. Panizzi agrees with him on this point! And we cannot but allow, with the eminent naturalist who puts these requirements on behalf of himself and his fellow-workers before the public, that the time is now come when natural history has a claim to stand alone, and in a nation such as ours, to possess a home worthy of the high position occupied by its votaries in the ranks of science. "It might seem invidious," says Professor Owen in concluding his essay, to adduce instances where other nations have already performed their obligations in this respect, for

"England may well, in this matter, set the example rather than follow it. The greatest commercial and colonizing empire of the world can take her own befitting course for ennobling herself with that material symbol of advance in the march of civilization which a public museum of natural history embodies, and for effecting which her resources and command of the world give her peculiar advantages and facilities."

THE HISTORY OF GIBRALTAR.*

It was a happy thought to write "The History of Gibraltar." The story of that fortress holds a conspicuous place in the annals even of that marvellous empire—the colonial empire of England. In early times it cannot indeed boast of the romantic interest which attaches to Malta. It has nothing to rival the knights of St. John, and the terrible siege in which those defenders of Christendom repelled the whole power of the Turk. But its later history is more attractive to Englishmen than that of the island fortress. We have held it longer; we have held it through greater tribulations. And though the English are not exactly a vain-glorious race, yet they are far from being deficient in that honourable pride which rejoices in the exploits of their ancestors. Captain Sayer has therefore chosen a popular theme, and has treated it, on the whole, worthily.

The history of the rock, previous to its occupation by the English, consists merely of the successive efforts made by the Spanish to regain it from the Moors. The record is monotonous; for the fate of the Moorish dynasty was determined, not at Gibraltar, but at Granada. Captain Sayer has accordingly, in this portion of his narrative, been judiciously brief. He disposes of the whole in some ninety pages, and brings the English on the scene as rapidly as possible. Gibraltar became ours almost by an accident. Cromwell, indeed, and Blake, looked longingly on the fortress, but the desire of their eyes was unfulfilled. At last, during the war of the Spanish succession, Sir George Rooke, having cruised a whole summer without success, called a council of war, which was attended, among others, by Rear-Admiral Byng, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and Sir John Leake. After much debate, it was resolved to attack Gibraltar. Fire was opened on the 22nd of July, 1704; and on the 24th the garrison surrendered. The Imperial standard was first hoisted; but Sir George Rooke promptly ordered that banner to be hauled down, and took possession of the place in the name of Queen Anne. The conquest was secured with a loss of only 60 killed and 216 wounded. Partly owing to ignorance, partly owing to the bitterness of political feeling, Sir George received no reward. England, indeed, was curiously indifferent to the importance of her new acquisition. Spain took a very different view. "Every Spanish statesman," says Lord Mahon, "might have applied to himself the saying of Queen Mary, and declared that, when he died, the word Gibraltar would be found engraven on his heart." "Gibraltar," wrote Florida Blanca, in 1780, "is an object for which the king, my master, will break the family compact, and every other engagement with France." Nor did the Spaniards confine themselves to diplomatic efforts for the recovery of the coveted fortress. A combined army of French and Spanish besieged the rock in the autumn of the very year in which it was taken. This expedition, however, had at no time a chance of success, and the siege was raised in the spring of 1705. The French commander, Marshal Tessé, did not entertain an exalted opinion of his allies. "I would not trust a Spaniard," he says, "however brave, with the defence of a steep; they fight duels, but as a body, and for their country, is an idea which never enters into their heads." A subsequent attempt by the Spaniards themselves was equally unsuccessful. This second siege began on the 13th of February, 1727, and was raised on the 23rd of the following June. But the great siege of Gibraltar from 1779 to 1782 was a very different affair. It was marked by striking vicissitudes of fortune, and though victory remained to England at the last, that victory was not secured without a desperate and doubtful struggle. For nearly four years an undaunted garrison of 6,000 men held the rock against the combined fleets and armies of France and Spain. Aid from home could hardly be expected. England was then waging an unequal contest in every quarter of the globe; her flag could hardly maintain itself in her own seas. She came

* The History of Gibraltar and of its Political Relation to Events in Europe from the Commencement of the Moorish Dynasty in Spain to the Last Moroccan War. By Captain Sayer, Civil Magistrate at Gibraltar. Saunders, Otley, & Co.

out of that terrible war everywhere a loser, save where, in the distant East, her empire was administered by the genius of Hastings. Spain gained Minorca and Florida; but, in spite of her utmost efforts, the tenacious courage of Elliott preserved Gibraltar for his country. No man ever earned a peerage more nobly. The whole town was destroyed by the enemy's cannonade, and the garrison had to contend with more terrible foes. When Rodney relieved the place after about a year of siege he arrived just in time to save the troops from starvation. At another time the scurvy made ravages so frightful that a capitulation seemed inevitable. A Dutch lugger, however, was cut out of a convoy by the English boats, and brought into the bay. By what Captain Sayer, without exaggeration, calls "an almost miraculous stroke of fortune," she was laden with lemons and oranges. In a few days men who had been hopeless cripples were fit for duty, and Gibraltar was a second time saved. Then we have a night sortie—one of the most daring, perhaps, in the annals of war, certainly one of the most successful; and the whole is concluded with a spirited account of the great bombardment of the 13th of September, when the celebrated "floating batteries" of the Chevalier d'Arçon opened fire, supported by 186 pieces of ordnance from the works of the isthmus. In all 320 cannon were opposed to only 96 guns on the rock. Lord North did not use too strong language when he spoke of the defence as "one of those astonishing instances of British valour, discipline, military skill, and humanity, that no other age or country could produce an example of." Bitter was the disappointment at Madrid and Paris. For months past the first question of the King of Spain each morning had been, "Is Gibraltar taken?" and the negative answer only called from him the encouraging prophecy "Then it soon will be." The French were not less sanguine. In Paris crowds flocked nightly to the theatres to applaud a splendid spectacle depicting the destruction of Gibraltar by the floating batteries of their ingenious countryman.

Captain Sayer has told this exciting story well. He has not, indeed, the power of a Napier, but he writes simply and forcibly, and with a hearty interest in his theme, and has accordingly succeeded in giving us a pleasant and interesting book. It is curious to observe how little Gibraltar was valued by English Statesmen, and how often our rulers have been on the point of giving it up. Stanhope and Townshend repeatedly thought of surrendering it to Spain in exchange for Florida or Porto Rico, or Oran. Even the elder Pitt sent a despatch to Sir Benjamin Keene in 1757, the composition of which is said to have cost him three days, expressly authorizing our ambassador to offer Gibraltar to Spain on condition that she would enter into an alliance against France. Happily the proposal came too late. Still more extraordinary was the conduct of Lord Shelburne in advising the cession of Gibraltar after the great siege. Fortunately Mr. Banks, in seconding the address in 1782, let fall some hint of the ministerial intentions. The idea was denounced by Fox, Burke, and Lord North, and was at last relinquished. The Catholic King was informed that on no possible conditions would England assent to the cession of the fortress she had held so long.

Since that date England has shown no symptoms of any tendency to reconsider her determination. There is little danger that Gibraltar will ever be taken from us. In spite of some wild theoretical historians, we need not fear that "a regenerated Spain" will ever be strong enough to storm Gibraltar. It appears to be the only fortress in the world which is really impregnable. Nor is its utility to England a matter of doubt. The climate is, indeed, unhealthy; at least the mortality is high, and epidemics are frequent. But this may, in great measure, be ascribed to bad drainage and a deficient water-supply, the remedy to both of which evils is in our own hands. As a place of commercial importance, it has lately declined. The fiscal policy of Spain has ruined it as a trading depot. The leading English merchants are giving up their houses in Gibraltar. Captain Sayer, indeed, has not explained fully the causes of the falling off of the trade of Gibraltar. That trade in its best days was illicit. British merchants sold their goods to Spaniards without inquiring too closely what the purchasers proposed to do with them. All these goods were by the Spaniards smuggled into Spain, and herein consisted the whole commerce of Gibraltar. This mode of introducing our goods, however, has been of late years superseded by a direct trade with the Spanish ports. The fiscal policy of Spain has not retrograded, as Captain Sayer implies, but, on the contrary, has become more liberal; and it is this very liberality which has proved fatal to the smuggling trade of the Rock. Not that smuggling is at an end; the Spanish tariff is not yet sufficiently advanced to produce that result. Much of our produce is prohibited, or admitted only at prohibitory rates. But it is no longer necessary to take these forbidden articles to Gibraltar in order to introduce them to Spain. A simpler and equally efficacious plan has been found to be that of packing them at the bottom of bales, at the top of which recognized articles only are displayed, and a minute search is easily prevented by the influence of doubloons on Spanish officials. Increased facilities of communication have also damaged the trade of Gibraltar. Formerly it was the emporium for all the trade with the Moors. Now that is at an end; many of the Moors come to England themselves; and English houses have been within the last few years established at various stations on the coast of Barbary. To these causes the decay of the commercial prosperity of Gibraltar must be attributed.

It is more important as a station for the protection of our trade with other countries. The amount of shipping which enters the port grows greater every year. It protects our mercantile marine trading all over the Mediterranean; and more than all, perhaps, it protects the Overland Route. Whether as a matter of the highest political morality we are altogether justified in keeping Gibraltar is rather a different question. Dr. Franklin declared that we had no more business to it than the Spanish would have to hold Portsmouth. And certainly our attitude at Gibraltar cannot be agreeable to Spain. On the other hand, a century and a half is a long prescription. We may comfort ourselves, if we choose, with the reflection that it is well for the peace of the world that Gibraltar is held by England. Certainly in her hands that commanding position is least likely to be made use of for purposes of aggression, or to the interruption of trade. Yet it would be affectation to say that we hold it from any motives of this sort. We hold it because to do so gratifies our pride; because we have a good title by prescription; and because the necessities of our empire require that we should command the entrance into the Mediterranean Sea. In the words of Burke, we hold it "as a post of war, a post of power, a post of commerce—a post

which makes us valuable to our friends and dreadful to our enemies; which gives us the command of the district of ocean in which it lies, and which is the incontestable evidence of our pre-eminence and our power."

ART AND SCIENCE.

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

NEW SUBSTITUTE FOR WHITE LEAD IN PAINTING.—During the last few years several attempts have been made to introduce a material which should be free from some of the objections of white lead for the purposes of house-painting. The objection to this is its great tendency to tarnish in an impure atmosphere, owing to its great affinity for sulphur compounds, which almost invariably exist in the air of towns. Were it not for this, and the fact of its producing symptoms of poisoning in workmen who handle it much, it would be difficult to find anything more suitable for the purposes to which it is applied; it is cheap, has considerable covering properties known as "body," and is of a brilliant white; but the evils above quoted are sufficiently serious to render the discovery of an efficient substitute of considerable importance. The article known as zinc-white has been introduced of late years in the place of white lead; this is an oxide of zinc, and has the advantage over white lead in being non-poisonous, and of remaining untarnished in an atmosphere even strongly sulphuretted. It has, however, very little body, requiring about five coats to equal three of white lead: and as it is a trifle more expensive to start with, it will be seen that it by no means fulfils the necessary conditions requisite in a successful competitor to white lead. Lately a new candidate has appeared, with apparently great chance of successfully competing with lead paint; this is oxide of antimony, a patent for the employment of which has been taken out jointly by Dr. Stenhouse and Mr. Hallett. There has lately come from Borneo a compact mineral, which was at first looked upon as a portion of the rock which enveloped the native sulphide of antimony, and was for some time thrown aside as such by the smelters: upon examination this has turned out to be a native oxide of antimony, often of great purity, and sometimes of more value even than the ore of antimony which it accompanies. The mineralogical name is stibiconise. This Borneo mineral, when calcined and pulverised, has been employed as a substitute for white lead in painting. When prepared in this way, the paint is not quite white, but stone-coloured; but when a perfectly white pigment is required, the oxide is prepared artificially from the native sulphide. The ore is crushed to a tolerably fine powder, and purified from the matrix by mechanical sorting and washing. The heavy ore is dried and subjected to the process of calcination, or roasting in a reverberatory furnace, with a plentiful supply of air, during which treatment all the sulphur is expelled, and the residual metal converted for the most part into oxide of antimony. The calcined product requires to be very finely ground, and is mixed with any suitable oil or varnish to form the paint. The sulphide is not at all a rare mineral, being found in most parts of the world, chiefly in districts bearing evidence of volcanic origin; it has lately also been found in Australia. This paint would not appear to be perfectly unalterable by a sulphuretted atmosphere, as the sulphide of antimony is not white, but orange-coloured; on this account it would not be so suitable as zinc-white, where perfect freedom from tarnish is required, although it would contrast very favourably with white lead. Another thing which must be borne in mind in the preparation of a white pigment from oxide of antimony, is, that there is a great tendency for the product to become slightly discoloured by the presence in small quantities of other metallic oxides, such as those of lead, copper, and iron, traces of which common impurities operate powerfully in darkening the shade of colour possessed by the pure oxide of antimony. For this reason it would seem that the new antimonial white would be better adapted for the preparation of stone colour than for a pure white. These, however, are merely manufacturing difficulties, which can be got rid of by proper application of chemical knowledge, and we may safely leave them in the hands of so eminent a man as Dr. Stenhouse. The advantages of antimony paint are both numerous and important. It has very superior qualities in resisting the action of sulphuretted hydrogen and other destructive gases, and even if attacked in this way, the tarnish merely communicates a warm orange tint to the surface; it is also peculiarly adapted for painting iron-work, the pigment adhering more firmly and toughly to this material than any other known preparation. At the present time, when iron is so largely employed for civil and military purposes, this is a very important property. Antimony paint is, moreover, not injurious to workmen using it, and, whilst it is equal in body to white lead, bulk for bulk, its specific gravity is so much less as to render it from 25 to 30 per cent. less costly in use. Messrs. Hallett & Co. have contributed to the International Exhibition several illustrations of this new application of antimony, for which they have received the distinction—we were going to say honour—of a prize medal.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

SCIENTIFIC BALLOON ASCENTS.—The following valuable communication has been made to us by Mr. Glaisher:—

"On Wednesday, August 20th, Mr. Coxwell's large balloon left the Crystal Palace, at 6h. 26m., with nine persons in the car, and three in the ring above the car. My instruments were placed outside the car, so as to be free from the influence of its occupants, I standing all the time alone near to them; the temperature of the air at the time being 66°, and that of the dew point 56°. By 6h. 35m. we were half a mile high, the temperature 56°, and dew point 50°. At 6h. 37m. the height of three-quarters of a mile was attained, and we were still over the Palace. At 6h. 43m., when at the height of nearly a mile, we passed through a thin cloud, the earth being just visible. The temperature at this time was 50°, and the dew point 45½°; we continued at this elevation and temperature for some little time, and then descended 200 or 300 feet. At 6h. 55m. the Palace was seen, and was barely visible at 6h. 57m. We kept at this height till 7h. 2m., when Kennington Oval was in sight. At 7h. 9m. St. Mark's Church,

Kennington, was directly underneath us; we were now nearly a mile in height, with a temperature of 48°, and dew point 44°; the hum of London was heard distinctly. We then descended gradually. At 7h. 12m. lamps were being lighted over London; the hum of London greatly increasing in depth. At 7h. 19m. shouting was heard of people below who saw the balloon. At this time we were within 1,500 feet of the earth, and continued between 1,500 and 2,500 feet till 7h. 40m.; the temperature varying but little from 57°, the wet bulb reading about 3° less. The appearance of London lighted up, at this time, was fine, and associated as its appearance was with the deep sound, or rather roar, of the traffic of the metropolis, constituted a truly remarkable scene. For a long time Kennington Oval and Millbank Penitentiary were in sight. At 7h. 40m. Mr. Coxwell determined to ascend above the clouds. We were then about 2,500 feet high, and the temperature was 53°, and dew point 46°. At 7h. 42m. we were 3,500 feet high, the temperature was 51°. At 7h. 47m. we were a mile high, and the temperature was 45°, and dew point 42°. It was very dark looking downwards, but there was a clear sky above, and a beautiful gleam of light appeared. We still ascended, till the clouds were below us, tinged and coloured with a rich red. The temperature had now fallen to 43°, and I could not determine the dew point; we were enveloped in a fog again. At 7h. 52m. the striking of a clock and tolling of a bell were heard; it was quite dark below. At 8h. 5m. we were above the clouds, and it became light again, the buzz of London gradually dying away. By this time the temperature had increased to 55°, the barometer reading about 23 inches. After this we descended, and it became too dark to read any instrument. London again was seen, very different indeed in its appearance to when we could pick out every square, street, bridge, &c., by its lights; now, as seen through the mist, it had the appearance of a large conflagration of enormous extent, and the sky was lit up for miles round. This spectacle was certainly very grand, and it was with reluctance we re-ascended. After a time the lowing of cattle was heard, and we seemed to have left London, therefore Mr. Coxwell determined to pass through the clouds and examine the country beneath. We passed from the comparative light above to the darkness below, momentarily becoming darker, and found ourselves away from London. It is in the management of a descent under such circumstances as these, that the skill of the aeronaut is taxed to the utmost. The darkness precluded the use of the grapnel, and also the possibility of observing the nature of the ground, until skirting the tops of the trees. Mr. Coxwell proved himself perfectly competent, the balloon ascending or descending at his will, and shortly touched the ground so gently that we were scarcely aware of the contact, in the centre of a grass field at Mill Hill, about 1½ miles from Hendon. It was resolved to anchor the balloon here for the night, and I engaged it for the morning for the British Association observations, Mr. Coxwell assuring me that he could attain an elevation of fully 3 miles, a height as high as the barometer I had with me was adapted to work. On the morning of August 21st, by half-past four, my instruments were replaced outside the car, and we again left the earth. The morning was warm but dull, the sky overcast with cirro-stratus cloud, the temperature was nearly 61°, and the dew-point was 58°. There were in the car, besides Mr. Coxwell and myself, Captain Percival, of the Connaught Rangers, Mr. Ingelow, and my son. We at first rose slowly; by 4h. 38m. we were 1,000 feet high, and the temperature was 58°. At this time Mr. Coxwell's pulse was 95; Mr. Ingelow's, 80; Captain Percival's, 90; and mine, 80. At 4h. 41m. there was a break of clouds in the east, and a beautiful line of light was seen, with gold and silver tints. Here and there the morning mist was sweeping over the land. At 4h. 51m. the temperature was 50°, scud was below us, and the night cloud was in a transition state, passing into the cumuli at the same level as we were, viz., about 35,000 feet. Black clouds were above, and mist was creeping along the ground. At 4h. 55m., we were above a mile high, the temperature was 43°, and the dew-point 42°; we were just entering cloud. At 4h. 57m. we were in cloud, surrounded on every side by white mist; the temperature of the air and dew-point were both 39½°. The light rapidly increased, and gradually we emerged from the dense cloud into a deep basin surrounded by immense mountains of cloud, rising almost perpendicularly far above us; and shortly afterwards we were looking into deep ravines bounded with beautiful curved lines. The sky immediately overhead was blue, dotted with cirrus and cirro-cumulus clouds. As we ascended, the tops of the mountain-like clouds became silvery and golden. At 5h. 1m. we were on their level, and the sun appeared flooding with golden light all the space we could see for many degrees, both right and left, tinting with orange and silver all the remaining space around us. It was a glorious sight. At this time we were about 8,000 feet high, and the temperature had increased from 38½° in the cloud to 41°. We still ascended rather more quickly, as the sun's rays fell upon the balloon, each instant opening up to us ravines of wonderful extent, and presenting to our view a mighty sea of clouds. Here arose shining masses of silvery heaps; there large masses of cloud in mountain chains rising perpendicularly from the plain, dark on one side and silvery and bright on the other, with summits of dazzling brightness. Some there were of a pyramidal form, and a great portion of undulatory, or wavy; in other places subsiding into hollows, and in one place having every appearance of a huge lake. Nor was the scene wanting in light and shade; each large mass of cloud cast behind it its shadow, and this circumstance, added to the very many tints, formed a scene at once most beautiful and sublime. At 5h. 10m. we were nearly 2 miles high; the temperature was 37½°, and the dew-point was 25½°. At 5h. 18m. we were above 3 miles in height; the temperature was 31°; and here it was found that Mr. Coxwell's pulse was 90, Capt. Percival's 88, Mr. Ingelow's 100, and mine 88. The pulse of Capt. Percival was so weak he could scarcely feel it; Mr. Coxwell, on the other hand, thought his somewhat stronger. By 5h. 31m. we were above 3 miles high; the temperature was 22°; and it decreased to 19° by 5h. 34m.

"We then continued at a little above three miles for half an hour, during which time the temperature at the same height increased 5° or 6° as the sun rose, and at this elevation the number of pulsations in a minute were taken: Mr. Coxwell, 94; Mr. Ingelow, 112; mine, 98; and Captain Percival, 78; but the last-named gentleman could scarcely feel any pulsation at all. The temperature of the dew-point was below temperate from 5h. 24m. to 6h. 15m. Shortly after six o'clock it was determined to descend; we were then above three miles from the earth; the temperature, which had been as high as 27°, had fallen to 23°. At 6h. 13m., at the height of two and a quarter miles, a train was heard. At 6h. 20m. we were two miles high, and the temperature had increased to 37° and the dew-point to 19°. At this time I noticed the loud ticking of a watch; Captain Percival said he could not hear it; he was seated and I was standing, and some experiments were made, when it was found that, when the ear was at the same level as the watch, no sound was heard, but it was remarkably distinct on the ear being situated above it.

"At the height of two miles the barking of a dog was heard, the temperature at this time, 6h. 24m., was 43° and the dew-point 21°. The shadow of the balloon on the clouds, with its encircling oval of prismatic colours, was here very remarkable, and it increased in dimensions and vividness of colour till we entered a cloud at

6h. 29m., the increase of temperature which had been in progress during the descent was immediately checked, and on emerging from the cloud at 6h. 33m., the temperature was 41° and the dew-point 37½°. The earth was in sight without a ray of sun-light falling upon it, the temperature gradually increased to 56° at 1,000 feet high, and 62° on reaching the ground a little after 7 o'clock at Dunton Lodge, near Biggleswade, on the estate of Lord Brownlow, where we received every attention and assistance from his agent, Mr. Paulger. Shortly afterwards my pulse was 77, Mr. Coxwell's 77, and Captain Percival's 83.—JAMES GLAISHER."

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—One of the most interesting of recent acquisitions of the Zoological Society, is the Aye-Aye of Madagascar (*Cheiromys Madagascariensis*). Three years ago a specimen of this rare animal was sent to Professor Owen from the Mauritius, by H. Sandwith, Esq., M.D., C.B., which had been obtained from Madagascar; when the dissection which Professor Owen made, and the account of it was communicated to the Zoological Society, it attracted the greatest attention, as it placed beyond all doubt the fact that the animal belonged to the quadrumanous, or monkey order, and not to the rodents. Our readers will be interested to hear that a living specimen has safely arrived in the Zoological Gardens, having been sent by Mr. Mellish. It is a female, and gave birth to a young one on the voyage. When it arrived it was in poor condition, but owing to the sedulous care which Mr. Bartlett, the superintendent, has taken, its health has manifestly improved. The principal differences we observed between this specimen and Dr. Sandwith's are the yellow colour of the face and the magnificent brush of the tail, displayed by the living specimen. Yolk of egg and milk serve as its food in captivity. During the daytime it is very sluggish, and allows itself to be freely handled, but about half-past seven in the evening it wakes up, and feeds eagerly and heartily.

The Birds of Paradise in the gardens are now placed in a cage which opens to the air, and they enjoy the sunshine appreciably. The yellow lateral tufts on the wings begin to be developed. The greatest care has still to be taken to prevent the two males from fighting.

The attention of visitors is greatly attracted by the eccentric movements of the little Kagu (*Rhinoceros*), a newly-discovered bird from New Caledonia. It is of the most lively and frolicsome disposition, chasing the other birds round the cage, and making itself exceedingly entertaining to the lady visitors.

The lioness has again given birth to cubs, which exhibited the curious disease of congenital malformation of the osseous palate; they only survived a few hours.

All the animals in the new antelope house thrive well, and the greatest care is being taken of the valuable breeds of wild horses, kiangs, khurs, &c., which are now preserved therein.

DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT PART-MUSIC.—M. Coussemaker, of Lille, has made a discovery of the highest interest in the history of music. The Library of the Faculty of Medicine, at Montpellier, possesses a manuscript containing no less than 350 pieces of ancient music in two, three, and four parts. This relic, which came from the collection of M. Bouhier, was catalogued in 1842 by M. Libri, under the title of "Ancient Songs with Music." Having noticed that it contained passages for several voices, and detecting the importance of such a work, M. Coussemaker obtained the permission of the Minister of Public Instruction to copy it line for line, which he has himself carefully done. The collection has been referred to the fourteenth century, but none of the musical pieces are of later date than A.D. 1275. There were not previously known more than 32 of three parts, and about 100 in two parts; but the Montpellier manuscript contains 19 of four parts, 256 of three parts, and 85 of two parts. Amongst the numerous compositions are found in their entirety many of which fragments only are contained in the works of Francon of Cologne, the so-called Aristotle, and John of Gurlande. The musical works preserved in the Montpellier Manuscript are anonymous; but different circumstances tend to prove that nearly all have for their authors the troubadours of Artois, Cambrai, Hainault, and Tournay; that these troubadours were harmonists who practised all kinds of compositions in use in their times, and who were acquainted with double counter-point and other artifices, the origin of which has been commonly believed of much later date. M. Coussemaker has commenced the translation of these remarkable compositions into modern musical notation, and, it is said, will hereafter bring the results of his labours before the Belgian Academy.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—This distinguished body have accepted an invitation from Rochester to hold their next annual meeting in that ancient city. The Marquis of Camden, K.G., has accepted the presidency, and the local societies have promised active co-operation.

NEW ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENT.—M. Perrot of Rouen has made the following interesting experiment. In a glass vessel filled with oil, or other slightly conducting medium, he mixes by agitation particles of gold-leaf, which thus remain in suspension. Into this bath he plunges, at a distance from each other, two ball-conductors, conducting the one with an electric machine, the other with the ground. As soon as the machine is put in motion the currents are seen to form. The fragments of gold move towards the nearest sphere, and after touching it extend themselves towards the opposite ball. When these threads of metallic particles are carried out to a sufficient distance the two currents meet and are arrested, seemingly neutralizing each other, and escaping laterally to return towards their respective balls. If this experiment be made in oil or any other viscid liquid the particles of gold dispose themselves in lines as regular as those of iron filings round a magnet. When the tension is feeble the lines formed by the gold particles going off from the two spheres unite in giving off a spark which illuminates the whole length of the metallic line. Sparks can be thus drawn out a hundred times the length of those got direct from the machine, and are obtained with scarcely any noise. M. Perrot thinks that in this we have an explanation of "heat lightning," as the silent summer flashes are commonly called, which, being produced without noise or tension, are thus to be distinguished from those producing thunder. The position of the neutral point between the two electric balls depends on the relationship of their respective surfaces. If the balls are equal the neutral point is mid-way; if a point is placed opposite to a ball, the neutral surface establishes itself very near to the latter. This mode of experimentation will probably throw light on some electrical phenomena hitherto very obscure.

MISCELLANEA.—Dr. Wanner has communicated to the French Academy an abstract of experiments tending to prove that the atmospheric pressure is indispensable to the circulation of the blood.—M. Wolff, of Montpellier, states that experiments made by him in spectral analysis show that under extremely high temperatures the rays proper to each body—such, for example, as sodium,—become very much more numerous.—M. Camille Bertrand, of Montpellier, has published a work on Transcendental Anatomy, of the most interesting and important nature. Whilst adopting Professor Owen's system as to the main points, he introduces numerous minor modifications approaching somewhat to the views of Humphry and Goodsir.